

# California Historical Society Quarterly

## COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Henry R. Wagner, Chairman

Charles L. Camp

Robert E. Cowan

C. Templeton Crocker

Francis P. Farquhar

---

## CONTENTS

|                                                                                                                         | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Extracts from the Log of the U. S. Frigate Savannah Kept by<br>Robert Carson Duvall, Midshipman, U. S. N., 1846-47..... | 105  |
| The Memoirs of Lemuel Clarke McKeeby.....                                                                               | 126  |
| (Concluded from page 72)                                                                                                |      |
| Historic Mount Saint Helena.....                                                                                        | 171  |
| Honoraria Tuomey.                                                                                                       |      |
| Documentary .....                                                                                                       | 178  |
| (Continued from page 88)                                                                                                |      |
| Auction Sales of Californians.....                                                                                      | 191  |
| Book Reviews .....                                                                                                      | 196  |
| Meetings of the Society.....                                                                                            | 204  |
| In Memoriam .....                                                                                                       | 205  |

---

Vol. III, No. 2

July, 1924

# CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Incorporated March 6, 1886

Reorganized March 27, 1922

## OFFICERS

C. Templeton Crocker, President  
E. S. Heller, First Vice-President  
Robert E. Cowan, Second Vice-President  
C. O. G. Miller, Third Vice-President  
T. W. Hubbard, Secretary and Treasurer

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

|                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Anson S. Blake       | E. S. Heller    |
| Charles L. Camp      | T. W. Hubbard   |
| Robert E. Cowan      | C. O. G. Miller |
| C. Templeton Crocker | E. J. Molera    |
| Boutwell Dunlap      | D. Q. Troy      |

Henry R. Wagner

---

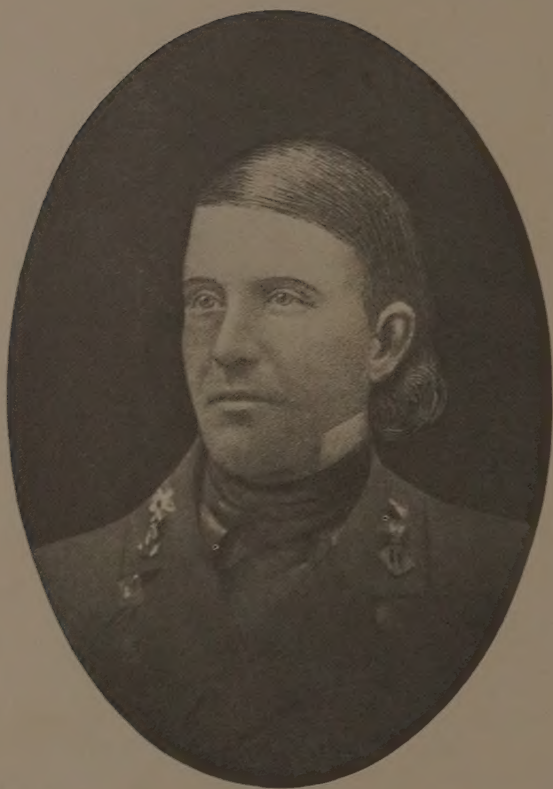
No entrance fees are required, but the dues of \$10.00 per annum are payable upon application for membership and on each second Monday in January thereafter. A subscription to the Quarterly is included in the dues.

Back numbers of the Quarterly can be supplied for the present, to members only, at the price of \$2.00 each.

Members are invited to submit articles for publication in the Quarterly.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Society at 508 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco.





ROBERT CARSON DUVALL, MIDSHIPMAN U. S. N.  
From a silver-type taken about 1846

## California Historical Society Quarterly

---

### EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG OF THE U. S. FRIGATE SAVANNAH KEPT BY ROBERT CARSON DUVALL

#### INTRODUCTION

Several of the midshipmen on board the United States ship of war *Savannah* kept logs, several of which are still in existence. One of these, kept by a midshipman named Robert Carson Duvall, who was just fresh from the naval academy, is now in the possession of Dr. Josiah E. Cowles of Los Angeles, the son of his half brother.

It is the original log signed at the end, *Robert C. Duvall*, and is in one place approved and signed by John D. Sloat and in several others by William Mervine, who took command of the *Savannah* after Sloat left for the east. The first entry was made March 24, 1845, when the *Savannah* was in Callao, and the last entry, September 8, 1847, in the New York Navy Yard. The entry under each date apparently extends from noon of the preceding day to noon of the date given, except during the time Duvall was on duty on shore, when no entry was made until after his return, when he wrote in a short summary of what had occurred during his absence.

The portion of the log devoted to the account of Stockton's first expedition to Los Angeles was published in the Los Angeles Times, January 9, 1910, but so far as we are aware none of the rest of it has ever appeared in print. Like all ship logs, most of the entries are devoted to statements of the weather, sailing directions and movements of the vessel. These we have largely omitted. But Duvall has inserted a number of interesting references to current events which in the opinion of the Committee on Publication are of sufficient interest and importance to bear publishing in the *Quarterly*.

It will be noted that there are a number of statements in this log more precise as to time and events than those that have hitherto been published from other logs or letters or subsequent statements, so it is possible to say that it presents in its mute form incontrovertible evi-

dence that many of the legends afloat regarding the taking possession of Monterey are entirely baseless. It also furnishes similar evidence that Commodore Sloat had no immediate intention of taking possession of Monterey when he arrived there. We have been led to understand that the Commodore possessed an unwavering resolution to possess himself of this port at the earliest moment, nevertheless we see that on the first day after his arrival he gave shore leave to some one hundred men from the ship who remained on shore twenty-four hours. This fact is carefully concealed in most of the writings of the period. No doubt similar entries occur in other logs kept on board the ship, but when published there is usually a blank between July 2 and 7.

There is also no evidence of any race with the *Collingwood*. The summary of movements of vessels prefixed to the extracts which we publish will demonstrate that the *Collingwood* was not in Mazatlan when Sloat left,—in fact had left some days before Sloat made his first tentative effort to get away. Just why he went out to sea and returned to Mazatlan again is a mystery. The only possible theory is that he had heard that war had broken out, but not being sure of it had gone away from the port, sailed around until he thought that some definite information would be available, and then returned to find out from the consul if he had any later news. It seems obvious from the general movements that the Mexican authorities at least did not know before Sloat left Mazatlan that war had commenced. This affords some indication that Sloat himself had not received any such information.

It now seems practically certain that what determined Sloat's action in taking possession of Monterey was the advice of the Bear Flag revolt received on the 5th, from Montgomery.

Robert Carson Duvall was born at Hamptonville, North Carolina, November 15, 1819, the son of Alvin Simpson Duvall and Nancy Caroline (Carson) Duvall. The latter's father, Andrew Carson, a soldier of the Revolution, was a brother of Lindsay Carson the father of "Kit" Carson. This relationship would never be suspected from young Duvall's entry regarding "Kit," but Dr. Cowles attributes this to the semi-official nature of the log and the chasm that then separated the enlisted man from the naval officer.

Midshipman Duvall was one of the first graduates from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, completing his course about 1842; served under Commodores Sloat and Stockton on the Pacific coast during the Mexican War; and later, commanding the gunboat Beaufort, served in the Confederate States Navy on the North Carolina coast,

where he died in 1862, at Raleigh. He was married about 1858, at Mobile, Alabama, to Mrs. Louisa M. (Brooks) Séguer, but his wife died about six months after their marriage.

It is said that he was a remarkably handsome man, six feet six inches in height and well proportioned, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. "His manners were polished, refined and affable, and his naturally bright intellect was highly cultivated by study and travel. He was an accomplished musician on the violin as well as a writer of verse."

For obtaining the log for us for publication we are indebted to Judge Grant Jackson of Los Angeles, one of our members, through whom also we obtained from Dr. J. E. Cowles and Col. Calvin Duvall Cowles the genealogical and biographical details here given.

SUMMARY OF THE MOVEMENTS OF AMERICAN AND  
ENGLISH MEN-OF-WAR

## SANDWICH ISLANDS

- 1845  
 August 27 U. S. S. *Savannah* arrived at Hilo.  
 30 Commodore Sloat made a speech on shore.  
 September 3 *Savannah* sailed.  
 9 *Savannah* arrived at Honolulu.  
 13 H. B. M. Ship *Modeste* sailed.  
 17 H. B. M. Ship *Collingwood* arrived.  
 October 4 H. B. M. Brig *Frolic* came in. U. S. S. *Warren* arrived.  
 12 *Collingwood* sailed, reported going to Marquesas Islands.  
 13 *Savannah* sailed.  
 31 Sighted land north of San Francisco entrance but did not enter harbor.

## MAZATLAN

- November 17 *Savannah* arrived at Mazatlan. U. S. S. *Portsmouth* already there.  
 19 U. S. S. *Levant* in the harbor. *Portsmouth* sailed.  
 20 *Warren* arrived from the Islands.  
 24 H. B. M. *Frolic* came in.  
 27 *Warren* and *Frolic* sailed.  
 December 10 *Portsmouth* arrived.  
 22 H. B. M. Frigate *America* arrived.  
 24 *Levant* arrived.  
 26 *Frolic* arrived.  
 28 *Frolic* sailed.
- 1846  
 January 2 French Frigate *Virginie* arrived.  
 14 U. S. S. *Constitution* there; probably arrived that day.  
 15 *Constitution* anchored between *Levant* and *Cyane*.  
 21 English Frigate *Talbot* arrived.  
 24 *Talbot* sailed.  
 27 *Frolic* entered.  
 February 4 *Savannah* received one-half ton of coal from H. B. M. Ship *America*.  
 9 U. S. S. *Erie* and U. S. S. *Shark* there.  
 23 U. S. S. *Cyane* sailed.  
 27 *America* sailed.  
 March 7 *Talbot* arrived.  
 10 *Frolic* sailed.  
 16 *Warren* came in.  
 April 2 *Shark* and *Portsmouth* sailed.  
 7 *Constitution*, *Levant*, *Warren* and *Erie* there.  
 14 *Collingwood* arrived, 5 days from San Blas.  
 19 Governor of Mazatlan visited the *Savannah*.  
 23 *Constitution* sailed.  
 30 *Cyane* arrived.  
 May 1 *Warren* sailed for San Blas.  
 4 H. B. M. Ship *Juno* arrived from Callao.  
 12 *Juno* sailed.  
 13 *Collingwood* sailed.  
 14 *Warren* arrived.  
 19 *Cyane* sailed.  
 20 *Erie* sailed.  
 23 *Collingwood* arrived.  
 25 *Collingwood* sailed.  
 28 *Frolic* arrived.  
 29 English Brig *Spy* sailed.  
 30 *Frolic* sailed.  
 June 1 *Savannah* sailed.  
 5 Returned to Mazatlan and found *Talbot* and *Warren* there.  
 7 *Spy* sailed.  
 9 *Savannah* sailed for Monterey.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG OF THE SAVANNAH

BAY OF MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

July 1846  
Thursday  
2<sup>d</sup>.

. . . Standing in for the anchorage of Monterey, pass near the Small Town of "Santa Clara." Showed our number to the U S. Sloop Cyane and Levant. Made and reduced Sail as required, 4 PM. Clewed up and came to with Starboard Anchor in 9 fm<sup>s</sup>. of water . . . Pt. a Pinos bore p<sup>r</sup>. Compass, NW by N. Custom House, SSW. Fort, WSW. Church, S by E. the Levant arriv<sup>d</sup>. on Yesterday 42 days from Mazatlan. furled Sails—at Sun Set sent down Royal Yards hoisted out 1<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> and 3<sup>d</sup> Cutters. Tho<sup>s</sup>. O. Larkin (Am<sup>n</sup>. Cons<sup>l</sup>.) visited the Ship—

Friday  
3<sup>d</sup>.

. . . The Am<sup>n</sup>. Barque "Angola" arrived four hours from Santa Cruz. Permitted 84. Men and 10 Marines to go on Shore and remain 24. hours. . . .

Saturday  
4<sup>th</sup>.

. . . At 8 AM dressed Ship with the Cyane and Levant, and at 12. M. fired a Salute of 21. Guns, in Commeration of the declaration of Independence.

Sunday  
5

. . . Performed Divine Service—

Monday 6

. . . 5 35. PM the Launch of the U S Sloop Portsmouth in charge of Actg. Master N B Harrison arrived 3 days from San Francisco with despatches for the Commd'g. officer, furnished said Launch a quantity of Provisions to serve on return trip,—hoisted out Launch and fitted her out with an 18<sup>pd</sup> Carronade Amunition, Small Arms &c.

Tuesday 7.

. . . The Portsmouth<sup>s</sup>. Launch left for San Francisco, made Signal 894. to Levant. at 7.30 Capt. W<sup>m</sup>. Mervine Commdg the Cyane went on Shore with a force to demand of the Military Commandant the Surrender of the Town of Monterey forthwith—together with the Forts, Military Posts, &c. all troops arms, Munitions of War and public property of evry description under his Control and within his jurisdiction in California. Cleared away the Larboard Battery & got ready for action. 9 A.M. Called all hands and read the following general order.<sup>1</sup>

Flag Ship Savannah,  
Harbor of Monterey. July 7 1846.

We are now about to land on the Territory of Mexico with whome the U. S. is at War to strike their flag and hoist our own in the place of it is our duty, it is not only our duty to take California but to preserve it afterwards

<sup>1</sup> A copy of this order in the Bancroft Library (Dept. State Papers VII, 70) differs slightly, but not materially, from the text of Duvall's transcript.

as a part of the U. S. at all hazards to accomplish this it is of the first importance to cultivate the good opinion of the inhabitants whom we must reconcile I scarcely consider it necessary for me to caution American Seamen and Marines against the detestable crime of plundering and maltreating unoffending inhabitants That no one may misunderstand his duty the following regulations are to be strictly adheared to as no violation can hope to escape the most severe punishment.

1<sup>st</sup>. On Landing no man is to leave the shore until the Commd'g officer gives the order to march.

2<sup>d</sup> No gun is to be fired or other act of hostility committed without express orders from the Commd'g officer.

3<sup>d</sup> The officers of Boats and Boat Keepers will keep their respective Boats as close to the shore as they will safely float—taking care that they do not lay aground and remain in them prepared to defend themselves against attack and attentively watch for signals from the ship as well as from the party on shore.

4<sup>th</sup>. No man is to quit the Ranks or enter any house on any pretence whatever without express orders from an officer, let evry man avoid insult or offence of any kind to unoffending inhabitants, and especially avoid that eternal disgrace which would be attached to our Country and our name, by indignity offered to any Female let her standing be however so low

5<sup>th</sup>. Plunder of any kind is strictly forbidden not only does the plundering of the smallest article from a prize forfeit all claim to prize money, but the offender must expect to be severely punished

6<sup>th</sup>. Finally let me entreat you one and all not to tarnish our hopes of Bright Success by any act that we will be ashamed to acknowledge before God and our Country.

Signed, JOHN D SLOAT,  
Commd'r, in Chief of U. S. Naval  
Forces in the Pacific Ocean.

At 9.30 Capt. Mervine returned from shore with the reply from the Military Commandant Mariano Silva that he was not authorized to comply with our demands, having no orders to that effect but that said arrangement the Commander in Chief may adjust with the Commd'g General to whom the Communication should be sent he being at the time absent with his army—for the purpose of quieting an insurrection on the part of foreigners, chiefly Amer<sup>s</sup>. who had risen in the Northern district to redress their grievances under the appellation of the "Bear party." 9.50 made Signal to Squadron 134. at 10. an expedition left this, consisting of the Boats of this Ship and Cyane, and Levants, with 85 ma<sup>r</sup>. and 140. Sailors under the Command of Capt. W<sup>m</sup>. Mervine. at 10.20. the forces landed at the wharf of the Custom House, read a Proclamation<sup>2</sup> from the Commander in Chief, to the people of California in which was stated in substance as follows—

That Since by the actions of the forces between the U S. and Mexico on the "Rio Grande" the Contries were involved in war he intended to hoist the Am<sup>r</sup>. Flag throughout California and assured the inhabitants that it was not as an Enemy that he appear<sup>d</sup> among them with so large a force but on the Contrary as their best friend that they should be allowed the same priviledges that any other state in the union enjoys by which life property and freedom of religion will be secured to them, under the flag of the U S. California being free from the oppressive exactions of Mexican officers will rapidly advance, and improve

<sup>2</sup> The proclamation in full was printed in the Quarterly, vol. II, no. 4, pp. 352-354. The original is in the Henry E. Huntington Library.

in population and wealth. The Revinu Laws will be the same here as in the other states of the union thus affording to the inhabitants American Manufactures free of duty and foreign at  $\frac{1}{2}$  less than formerly—Such Citizens as do not chose to live under the Government of the U S. will be allowed time to leave the Country after disposing of their property. The Judges and Alcaldies are invited to exercise their functions as heretofore at least until the Gov<sup>mt</sup> can be more definitely arranged all Persons holding titles to land estate or in quiet possession of the same shall have their rights guaranteed to them. No private property shall be taken for the use of the U. S Ships or Soldiers without just Compensation being made at the moment

hoisted the Am<sup>r</sup>. Ensign on the Custom Flag Staff amidst the Cheers of our forces Saluted it with 21 Guns, from the Savannah and Cyane—At 11 AM the Boats returned to their respective ships leaving the body of Marines and Capt. Mervine and officers in charge of the Town, who were occupied in receiving from the Mexican authorities all arms, munitions of war and other Public property and making Inventories of the same—

Wednesday 8. . . . Sent the Carpenters on shore to repair the quarters for the Marines &c.— during the night the Launch, armed and manned, was kept near the wharf to assist in case of an attack—

Thursday 9 . . . a quantity of Copper shot Consisting of 9 & 12 Pds. and grape, also Muskets, Carbines &c. were found in the Gov<sup>t</sup>. house on Shore.

Friday 10 . . . 1<sup>st</sup> Cutter Employed watering Ship Employ<sup>d</sup> Painting Ship things remain quiet on Shore.

Saturday 11. . . . Sent to Capt. Mervine on Shore one 18<sup>p</sup>. Caronade & Equipments, 9 Grape Shot 46. Cartridges. Sent on Shore Mid<sup>n</sup> Geo. E. Morgan with 50. Men armed with Muskets under the Cm<sup>d</sup> of Lieut. Geo. E Miner, Comm<sup>d</sup>. Lt. Page took possession of the Gover<sup>t</sup>. Barracks—where the forces were Quarter<sup>d</sup>, 1<sup>st</sup> Cutter watering Ship—

Sunday 12. . . . Sent on Shore Mid<sup>n</sup>. J. K. Wilson with 50. men armed with muskets under the Command of R. F. Pinckney, to Garrison the upper Barracks. 4 30 AM an alarm was given on Shore. Sent the 2<sup>d</sup> Cutter and Two officers on Shore to ascertain the Cause, proved to be a false alarm.

Monday 13. . . . 5.30. heard the reports of muskets on Shore. at 7. Capt. Mervine and Lieut Queen brought on board Two Prisoners, taken by our Scouts. . . . Sent on Shore 1000. Ball Cartridges.

Tuesday 14. . . . Sent on Shore (on) 6 Seaman. Punished Several Men for drunkenness. Sent on Shore 13. Men to act as Dragoons, under the Command of Purser Fauntleroy.

Wednesday 15. . . . Sent on Shore for the use of the Troops, 14 Carbines 20 Pistols with all the Equipments &c belonging— 11.30 AM—discovered a large Sail in the offing. 12. at the U. S. Frigate Congress came in sight and made her Number.

Read the following General Order.<sup>3</sup>

The Commander in Chief, has the satisfaction to announce to the Officers, Seaman & Marines under his Command, that he has receiv<sup>d</sup>. off<sup>r</sup>. information that the flag of the U. S. is now flying at Yerba Buena, Suters Fort. on the Sacramento, at Sausillito Sonoma & Bodega, and that the forces of the U. S. have quiet possession of the magnificent Bay of San Francisco and all the country within an hundred miles around to the manifest satisfaction of the inhabitants, many of whome have enroled themselves under our flag and officers for Protection—

In taking possession of these places, many fine pieces of ordinance have been acquired principally Brass. He Congratulates each one under his Command that it has fallen to his lot to have participated in the Honor and Glory of placing the Country under the Flag of the U. S. and in a position to be governed by their equitable and impartial Laws

Sign<sup>d</sup>. J<sup>n</sup><sup>o</sup> D SLOAT.  
Com<sup>d</sup>. in Chief of the U S. Naval  
Forces in the Pacific ocean &c &c.

Thursday 16.

. . . 12.30 Congress hauled down the Blue and hoisted the Red Pendant and saluted with 13. Guns, which was return<sup>d</sup> with an Equal number. 1. she anchor<sup>d</sup>. Signalized. 153. 650.—Congress sent on shore 50. men armed with Carbines under the comm<sup>d</sup>. of Lieut. Tilghman & 4 other officers.

Friday 17.

. . . a large Ship in the offing at 4.30 P M. H B M<sup>s</sup> Ship of the Line Collingwood. 80. Guns. Came in and anchor<sup>d</sup>. our Ship prepared for action. Mid<sup>n</sup>. J<sup>n</sup><sup>o</sup> K. Wilson returned on board with 51. men Lieut. Pinkney<sup>s</sup> Command with their Arms and Equipments. Returned to the Cyane 20 Muskets & accoutrements borrowed from her. Sent on shore 6 Muskets. 5 Pistols & 11 Cartridge Boxes.

Saturday 18.

. . . The English Admiral Sir George Seymore visited this Ship The Levant employ<sup>d</sup> hoisting out her Main Mast to repair the head being rotten—

Sunday 19

. . . Lieut. Stephen C Rowan employ<sup>d</sup>. with men from the different ships in laying the foundation and cutting Timber for a Block House & fortifications Brvt. Capt. Freemont arriv<sup>d</sup>. with 125. Rifle men and 6 Delaware Indians and encamped near the Town. D. Fauntleroy, Capt of California Dragoons, garrisons the Mission of San Juan 35 miles distant—10.30 Performed Divine Service—

Monday 20.

. . . Geo E. Morgan was ordered on board and Mid<sup>n</sup> Minor in his place on shore. Sent the Band on shore to Day while the Troops were Drilling.

Tuesday 21.

. . . a Number of Curious visitors from Capt. Fremonts Camp. Got intelligence of Castro with no certain number of men 36 miles from here Comm<sup>o</sup>. Sloat sent a Message advising him to come in & sur-

<sup>3</sup>A copy of this general order, dated July 14. 1846. will be found in the Bancroft Library: Sawyer Docs. 51. Besides differences in spelling, punctuation and capitalization, the words "Sonoma" and "principly Brass" are omitted, and at the end, in place of "&c" is found "and of the Territory of California."

render. Castro ans<sup>d</sup>. that he would fight as long as a man was left him, no body believes him—

Wednesday 22

. . . The English Consul M<sup>r</sup> Forbes visited the ship—Saluted him with 17 Guns, . . .

Thursday 23

. . .

Friday 24.

. . . Lieut Traper left this ship with orders to the Levant. a Prisoner from shore was brought on board for confinement.

Saturday 25.

. . . Sent to the Levant some stores in Com<sup>s</sup>. Department, also some articles to the Barracks, transfer<sup>d</sup>. to the Cyane one O S. Leut W<sup>m</sup>. A. Wagner was detached and orderd to take passage in the Levant for the U S—Castro has gone south with his army. -

Sunday 26.

. . . Carpenters at work on Shore. At 8. A M Capt. Freemont with his men embarked on board the Cyane, which ship is to take them South in pursuit of Castro, who has fortified himself at Los Angeles. Cyane stood to Sea, this ship and the Congress giving her three hearty Cheers. Rev M<sup>r</sup>. Colton Chaplain of the Congress and Purser Price of the Cyane appointed Magistrates for the district of Monterey.

Monday 27.

. . . Mid<sup>n</sup> Duvall, Wilson and Abercrombie ordered on Shore for duty. Mid<sup>n</sup>. Abercrombie reported this day for duty from the Levant—

The following remarks of note is an abstract from the Log Book of occurrences which transpire<sup>d</sup> whilst I was on duty ashore.

July 27

to  
September  
19

Transfer<sup>d</sup>. July. 28. to the Congress \$4300.00. At 9.45 A.M. Comm<sup>o</sup>. Jn<sup>o</sup>. D. Sloat resigned the Command of this Ship to Capt. W<sup>m</sup>. Mervine, to take passage in the Levant to Panama on his way to the U S. hauled down the Blue Pendant and hoisted the Crackwhip the Levant hoisting the Blue Pendant & saluting with 13 guns—at 10.20 She got under way and stood to Sea. July 30. at 5.30 the Congress hoisted the Blue Pendant—9.30 She got under way but had to anchor again On the 1<sup>st</sup> of August She stood to Sea bound for San Pedro, to act with Capt. Freemont against Castro. before his departure Comm<sup>r</sup>. Stockton issued a new Proclamation to the Inhabitants of California. on the 12 of August the Eng<sup>l</sup>. Brig<sup>t</sup>. of War "Spy" came in and anchor<sup>d</sup> on the 13. the U S. Sloop Warren came in and anchor<sup>d</sup> near us. on the 14<sup>th</sup> called all hands to muster and Read the Proclamation of President James K. Polk declaring war—to exist between the U S. and Mexico—Signed 15<sup>th</sup> of May 1846. Sept. 4. the Store Ship Erie arriv<sup>d</sup>. from which we obtained stores. Sept. 16 the Congress came in and anchor<sup>d</sup>. having returnd from San Pedro where she landed men and marched into the Pueblo—Castro having cowardly fled on the approach of the Commodores forces. 19<sup>th</sup>. the Erie went to Sea bound to Panama having on board a bearer of despatches to the U S. and Mid<sup>n</sup> Jackson a passenger—during this interval three Am<sup>r</sup>. ships, one Russian, one French, and one Hawaiian have come in and gone out again

This day I was ordered on Shore for duty, took Charge of the men who were employed in building a Block House and Constructing a Fort for the defence of the place, where I remained until near its Completion when I was removed to head quarters.

To record evry particular occurrence would render my remarks too Compendious and effect nothing in the end to benefit either myself or any body else, therefore I will merly give evidence of what I think

this Journal should record, and pass the rest over When our forces were landed we found the Town Completely defenceless and without any of the resources requisite for the Construction of works of defense. through the untiring exertions of the Governor, the town was rendered in a situation of safety, against the attack of almost any force by land or Sea, within the space of Six weeks, the Hill commanding the Town and Harbor was graded off to rake the Beach, a Block House and Fort Constructed, and Paixham, Carronades, and other Guns, mounted, and evry thing Complete and ready for action—

The Timber &c. required for the Construction of these works was Cut and taken from the woods by our own forces, and taking this into Consideration, the rapidity with which the works were brought to a finish and the great amount of Labor performed has hardly a parrallel.

Owing to the Continual reports of the proximity of the Enemy we were kept in a State of perpetual expectancy, and were always in readiness for an attack, by night frequent alarms were given, of the approach of the Enemy, but in evry instance proved false. almost all the principal men have come in and given their Parole<sup>s</sup> of Honor not to take up arms against the U S. Elections have been held and Magistrates elected and such regulations promulgated by the Governor as will not fail to secure the peace and tranquility of the place which now wears but a feeble face of War. a New<sup>s</sup> Paper has sprung up edited by Dr. Semple and the Rev. Mr. Colton, which at least indicates that improvement has already Commenced, and that prosperity and rapid advancement which always follows the American Flag has taken root and will soon send forth numerous branches, which will secure to California Unity & happiness—

Tuesday 22.  
[September]

. . . 9.30 PM. Richar<sup>d</sup>. Young 1. CB. departed this life. . . . Got under way and stood to Sea beating out of the Harbor in Company with the Am<sup>r</sup>. whale Ship Brooklynn 10.20 Set Royals. at 11.50 discoverd a Brig standing into the Harbor.

September  
23-26

[At sea.]

#### BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, OFF YERBA BUENA.

Sept. 1846  
Sunday 27

. . . found at anchor off the Town 12 Sail of Whalers, Traders, &c. 12. or 13. lying on the opposite side of the Bay at Sousolita— the Center of Yerba Island bears p<sup>r</sup>. Compass. NE. the Center of Alcatrey<sup>s</sup>. N W by N. furled sails— at 4 PM the Congress Came in and anchor<sup>d</sup>. Sent down Royal and top Galt Yards. Performed Divine Service

Monday. 28

. . . a Court Martial Convened on board of this Ship Capt.

Mervine President, for the purpose of trying Doct. Whittle for Charges prefer<sup>d</sup>. against him by Comm<sup>r</sup>. Stockton. . . .

Tuesday 29 . . .

Wednesday 30. . . . Receiv<sup>d</sup>. a Load of water by a Prize Schooner Conveying 3600. at 9. AM Inspected the Crew at quarters.

App<sup>d</sup>.

[Signed] W<sup>m</sup> MERVINE  
Cap<sup>t</sup>.

Thursday 1.

. . . Recv<sup>d</sup>. from the Portsmouth 20. Colts rifles and from the Congress 18 Do. with the Equipments. At 9.30 AM made Sail to Top-sails Got under way and Commenced working out of the Harbor on the Ebb Tide.

Friday 2<sup>d</sup>

. . . Capt Arbell Came on board as Pilot, and Jn<sup>o</sup> Brown (Courier) as passenger to San Pedro. At 10 AM got under way on the Ebb tide and attemped to work out but owing to the very thick fog came to again

Saturday 3.

Sunday 4.

. . . at 12 M. Got under way and Commenced beating out of the Harbor . . . at 3.15 Point Bonita . . . distant 8'— . . . At 10. Read the Articles of War and Mustered the Crew.

October  
5 and 6

[At sea.]

[SAN PEDRO]

Wednesday. Oct<sup>o</sup>. 7.<sup>th</sup>/46.

. . . Standing in for the Anchorage of San Pedro. 6.30. [P. M. Oct. 6] made out the American Merchant Ship Vandalia having on her Decks a body of men, on passing she saluted with 2 Guns, which was repeated with three cheers, which we returned, 7 Clewed up and Came to . . . Brevt. Capt. Archibald Gillespie Came on board and reported that he had evacuated the Pueblo de Los Angeles, on account of the overpowering force of the Enemy and had retired with his men on board the Vandalia after having spiked his Guns, one of which he threw into the water, he also reported that the whole of California, below the Pueblo had risen in arms against our authorities—headed by "Flores," a Mexican Captain on furlough in this Country who had but a few days ago given in his Parole of honor not to take up arms against the Govmt. of the U S. Made preparation to land a force to march to the Pueblo at day light

At 6. AM all the Boats left the ship for the purpose of landing the forces, numbering in all 299. men including the volunteers under Command of Capt. Gillespie. 6.30 all the forces were landed without

opposition, the Enemy in Small detachments retreating towards the Pueblo. from their movements we apprehended that the whole force were near. Sent on board Ship for a reinforcement of 80. men, under the Command of Leut R. B. Hitchcock At 8 AM the Several Companies all under the Comm<sup>d</sup>. of Capt. W<sup>m</sup>. Mervine took up the Line of march for the purpose of retaking the Pueblo, the Enemy retreating on the advance of our forces. (on landing W<sup>m</sup>. A. Smith 1<sup>st</sup> C Bry [?] was killed by the accidental discharge of a Colts Pistol) the reinforcement under the Command of Leut R. B. Hitchcock returned on board ship—

for the first four miles our march was through Hills and ravines which the Enemy might have taken advantage of but preferd to occupy as spectators only until our approach and a few Shots from our flankers, (who were volunteer Riflemen) would start them off. after first returning the Compliment the remainder of our march was performed over a Continuous plane over grown with wild mustard & in some places to the height of 6 or 8 feet the ground being excessively dry clouds of dust arose to almost suffocation and not the least wind in motion—(together with no hopes of getting any water for 10 or 12 miles for the want of which we Suffered greatly, rendered our Situation truly miserable).

we reached our Camping ground at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 PM, the Enemy appearing in considerable numbers, which Continued to increase, until towards sun set when they formed on a Hill near us, gradually inclining towards our Camp and admirably adapted for Cavalry charging<sup>4</sup>—We drew up our forces in readiness to meet them, but finding they were disposed to remain stationary the Marines under Command of Capt. Ward Marstan, the Colts Riflemen under Comm<sup>d</sup>. of Lieut. J. B. Carter and myself, and the Volunteers under Command of Capt A. Gillespie, Lieut Hensley and Russeau, were orderd to charge on them, which we did they stood their ground until our shots Commenced “telling” on them when they took to flight in evry direction—yet they continued to anoy us by fiering into our Camp and Sety<sup>s</sup>. [sentries] through the night and at about 2.<sup>00</sup> AM they brought down a piece of artillery and fierd into our camp the shot striking the ground very near us. the Marines, Riflemen and Volunteers were sent in pursuit of the Gun but could see nor hear nothing of it our plan of march was in Collum by Platoon.

We left our Camp the next morning about 6 AM. and had not proceeded far before the Enemy appeard before us drawn up on each

<sup>4</sup> The battle was fought on the Dominguez Rancho where the first aviation meet in America was held in 1910.

side of the road mounted on fine horses & armed with a Lance and Carbine each man, and having also a field piece (4 Pounds) to which were "hitched" 8 or 10 Horses, placed in the road ahead of us. Capt. Mervine thinking that it was the Enemy's intention to get us into Confusion by using their Gun on us charged with round Shot and Copper Grape Do, and then to make a charge of their Cavalry—ordered a Squar formed—which was our order of marching through the Battle. when within about four Hundred yards the Enemy opened their artillery on us. we made frequent charges driving them before us, and at one time causing them to leave some of their Balls and Cartridges, but owing to the rapidity with which they could carry the Gun off, using Laso<sup>s</sup> on evry part enabled them to choose their own distance, entirely out of all range of our muskets, the Horseman keeping out of danger, and appearently content to let the "Gun" do the fighting—they kept up a constant fire with their Carbines which done nothing more than whistle harmlessly by us. the Enemy were between 175. and 200 strong—

finding it impossible to capture the gun, the retreat was sounded when the Captain Consulted with his officers on the best step to be taken, when it was decided unanimously to return on board ship for [to] continue the march would be sacrificing a number of lives to no purpose, for admiting we could have reached the Pueblo, all Communication would be cut off with the Ship and we would further be constantly anoyed by their Artillery without the least chance of Capturing it it was also reported that the Enemy were between five and six hundred strong, at the City, and it was thought had more artillery.

on retreating they got the Gun planted on a Hill ahead of us. the Capt made an adress Saying, to the Troops, that it was his intention to march strait ahead in the same orderly manner in which we had commenced, and that sooner than he would Surrender to such an Enemy he would sacrifice himself and evry other man under his Command. they fired into us four times on the retreat the fourth shot falling short the report of the gun indicating a small quantity of Powder, after which they remained stationary and manifested no further disposition to molest us further, and we proceeded quietly on our march to the Landing where we found a body of men landed by Mr. Hitchcock and Two 9 pound<sup>r</sup>. Canon<sup>s</sup> got from the Vandalia, to render us assistance in case we should need—

We presented truly a pitiable Condition, many being bearily able to drag one foot after the other from excessive fatigue, and extreem soreness of the feet having gone through the exertions and excitement in Battle and afterwards performing a march of 18 or 20. miles—

without rest this is the first Battle I have ever been engaged in, and having taken particular notice of those around me I can assert that no men could have acted more bravely. Even when their shipmates were falling by their sides, I saw but one impulse and that was to push forward, and when the retreat was ordered I noticed a general reluctance to turn their backs to the Enemy.

the following is a List of the killed and wounded—Michael Hoey, (O S.) killed, David Johnson (O S) Do. W<sup>m</sup> H Berry (O S), mortally wounded. Charles Sommers, (Mar<sup>s</sup>), Do. John Tyre, (Sea), severely wounded. John Anderson (Sea), Do—both doubtfull. W<sup>m</sup>. Conland [?] (Mar), slightly Hiram Rocknell, Los. [?] Do. H. Loveland Do. Ja<sup>s</sup>. Smith Do. on the following [day] buried the Bodies of W<sup>m</sup> A Smith Cha<sup>s</sup> Sommers, David Johnson, and Michael Hoey, on an Island in the Harbor. At 11. AM. the Capt Called a Councill of Commissiond officers, regarding the proper Course to adopt at the present Crisis which decided that no force should be landed and that the Ship remain here until further orders from the Commodore, who was daily expected.—

A List of Officers attached to The Expedition on the March to retake The Pueblo de los Angelos—

Captain William Mervine Commanding.

Captain Ward Marstan Commdg Marines.

Brvt. Captain A. Gillespie—Commdg. Volunteers.

Lieut. Henry W Queen, Adjutant.

Lieutenant. R. F. Pinkney, Commdg 1<sup>s</sup> Company.

Lieutenant. W<sup>m</sup> Renckendorff, “ 2<sup>d</sup> Do.

Lieutenant. J. B. Carter, “ Colts. Riflemen.

Midshipman. R. D. Minor Actg Lieut 2<sup>d</sup>. Company.

Midshipman. S. P. Griffin “ “ 1 Do.

Midshipman P. G. Watmough “ “ 2 Do.

Midshipman R. C Duvall, “ “ Colts. Riflemen.

Capt<sup>s</sup>. Clark, Tho<sup>s</sup>. Goodsell, Commdg Pikemen

Lieutenant. Hensley, 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. Volunteers.

Lieutenant. Russeau, 2<sup>d</sup> Do. Do.

Saturday  
10<sup>th</sup>.

. . . Mr. Johnson (English) & family came on board for protection, leaving a large amount of property on Shore. the Am<sup>r</sup>. whale ship Magnolia came in & anchored, the Vandalia went to sea bound to Monterey with despatches. Landed an Indian taken on board as a spy—Got the Larboard anchor on board to restock it.

Sunday 11

. . . W<sup>m</sup> H. Berry, O S. departed this Life from the effects of a wound receiv<sup>d</sup> in Battle. Sent his body on “Dead Mans Island,” So

named by us. Mustered the Crew at quarters, after which performed Divine Service—

Monday 12

Tuesday 13.

. . . at 10. AM a whale Boat from the whale Ship Stonnington at San Diego arrived with Don Miguél de Pedroréna 40 hours from said place having despatches from Captain Merritt saying that he had landed with his men about 40. in all, and had retaken the place in the face of 75. of the Enemy all mounted and having also one piece of artillery which he succeeded in capturing the Enemy cowardly deserting it and leaving it charged to the muzzle with grapshot he then took up his quarters in the edge of the town convenient to water, where he was determined to remain at all hazards until he could be reinforced. fearing that the Enemy would increase their force, he asked for Fifty men and then bid defiance to all California to unplace him—

AN ABRIDGED, AND CURSORY ACCOUNT OF TRANSACTIONS AT SAN DIÉGO, DURING THE RECENT OCCUPATION OF IT BY OUR FORCES.

On the 13<sup>th</sup> of October, being then in the Harbor of San Pedro, I was ordered, also Mid<sup>n</sup>. Morgan, with 35. Sailors & 15 Volunteers, under the Command of Lieut. Geo. Minor on board of the Whale Ship Magnolia, which had been chartered to convey us, to San Diego where we were to land, and unite our forces with Capt. Merrit, who had a few days previous succeeded in recapturing the place from the Enemy with only about 35. men, and capturing also one piece of artillery.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> after sun set we landed our forces up a small creek where owing to the Boggy nature of the surrounding ground, it would be imposible for the Enemy to charge upon us, which they did not attempt notwithstanding their force was double that of ours. we consumed the greater part of the night in getting our amunition, stores &c. to our quarters, being anoyed also by, detached parties of the Enemy who were skulking around us for the purpose of picking off our sentrys, which they continued to do evry night and causing us some nights to form our forces, ready for action, almost evry hour, and sometimes fiering into us.

The first two or three weeks were employed in getting Guns from the old Fort and mounting them, in our Barracks, which was situated in the west end of the town on the edge of the Bank bounding the Plane, and convenient to Water, our forces being too weak to admit of being divided, in occupying the Hill or East end of the town, the Enemy frequently visiting that end of the town by night and appeared to be content to appear on the Hill and fiering into us at long distance, especially when our Flag was hoisted and lowered, but always avoiding

our efforts to engage them and as they were mounted, of course the distance allowed between us was left entirely to their own wishes, in addition to our Barracks we carried adobes from the town and built Two Bastions at the two corners commanding the town and the Plane in the rear, in which we mounted 6 Brass 9 pounders, from the old Fort

From the movements of the Enemy we soon found out the manner in which war would be waged, which was to drive into the mountains all the cattle &c., and removing from the adjacent Ranchos every kind of subsistence and by that means starve us out, and they are certainly entitled to credit for having performed their intentions so effectively. they kept sentry<sup>s</sup>. by day and night on the Hills over looking the town, and on the different roads and passes leading into the country, and by that means prevented us from sending out "spys" to ascertain where we might manage to obtain supply<sup>s</sup>.— for a time our situation was extremely precarious being reduced to almost the last extreme, we had with us an Indian, (chief of a numerous Tribe) who from his knowledge of the country we thought could avoid the Enemy, and getting news of a number of sheep, about 35 miles to the S<sup>d</sup>. on the coast, we determined to send him with his Companion to drive them on to an Island which at low tide connected with the main land. in a few day<sup>s</sup>. a signal was made on the Island, and the Boats of the whale ship Stonnington, which ship had been taken in the Name of the Government, and to which we owe in a great measure our success, the Captain and Crew serving faithfully as soldiers and always ready to undertake any project proposed— our good old Indian had managed through his Cunning and by using Ravines as a means of passage to drive on to the Island about 600 sheep, but his Companion had been caught and killed by the Enemy. I shall never forget his famished appearance, but our Indians triumph could be seen playing in his dark eyes. the same Indian was afterwards taken in trying to carry despatches to Genl Kearney<sup>s</sup>. Camp, and badly treated, but afterwards delivered over to us.

For thirty or forty days we were constantly expecting from the movements of the Enemy an attack, soldiers and officers sleeping with their arms and ready for action,— in addition to our sentry<sup>s</sup>. during the night we had scouting parties guarding the entranc into the town, most of the time myself and M<sup>n</sup>. Morgan dividing the nights between us,

about the first of November Comm<sup>r</sup>. Stockton arrived, and after landing Capt. Gillespie, & his Company, with about 40 marines, suddenly disappeared leaving M<sup>n</sup>. Minor Governor of the place and Capt. G. Military Commdt. who hearing of a large number of cattle &c.

passing about 20 miles below us under the care of a few Californians, he with myself & M<sup>n</sup>. Haywood from the Prize Brig *Malakadhel*, and about 35. men commenced a rapid march through ravines to avoid being seen by the Enemy. we reached their Camp about 4 P.M. and found from apperances that they had sudenly broken up camp in apparant Confusion, about 2 Hours before our arrival, being exhausted and suffering for water we could not follow them farther and returned the same night having marched 40 miles without rest We afterwards found out the reason of their having left their intended Camp so sudenly, which was through the treachery of an Englishman who had been allowed to come in and go out to his family at his pleasure on his Parole, alledging that should he remove his family from his Ranch the Enemy would destroy his property, a fair specimen of an Englishman<sup>s</sup>. sincerity & feelings towards us, after this we made several Expeditions to the Southward, using the whale ship *Stonnington* to land our forces at different places along the Coast, and succeeded in getting both cattle and Horses, though the Horses were very poor.

We began now to gain rapidly on the exertions of the Enemy who had so long made the Hills and Ravines their "Homes," for the express purpose of thwarting our plans and starving us out. The Commodore shortly returned, and being elated at our Success, began promptly and effectively to furnish himself with the proper means of marching against the head quarters of the Enemy at Los Angeles. the same day on which he arrivd, the Enemy sudenly appeared to the Number of between 80 and 100. and knowing that we would be reinforced by the Congress, charged on us headed by José Antonio Carrillio, one of their "Bravos," but were repulsed, their loss not ascertained, one of them had his foot shot off (the end of his heel being found) by a 9 lb. shot passing also through his Horses Body, which ran into our ranks with his entrails dragging the ground. The man afterwards died with 3 others we know of. on this day the volunteers proved themselves as on evry other occasion to be worthless, having left the Barracks, where they were stationed at the Guns in case of an attack and took to the old Houses and Brush fences. M<sup>n</sup>. Morgan, myself and 40 Ma<sup>rs</sup>. & Sailors receiving the Enemy<sup>s</sup>. fire and preventing them from charging into the town. a party afterwards succeeded in getting from us about 40 head of cattle, after this they were seldom seen around us.

On one of the Expeditions one of our men was Lanced and died shortly afterwards. he had strayed off before day light for the purpose of giving his horse some water (with one other who escaped,) about 300 yds from the camp, where some of the Enemy were in ambush, and succeeded in Lancing him,—

The Commodore now commenced to fortify the Hill which over looked the town by building a Fort constructed by placing 300 Gallon casks full of sand close together, 30 yds by 20 square throwing a Bank of earth and small gravel up in Front as high as the Top of the casks & running a Ditch around the whole. in the inside a Ball Proff house was built out of Plank lineing the inside with Adobes, on the top of which a swivell was mounted. the entrance was guarded by a Strong gate having a draw Bridge in front the whole fortification was completed in about 3 weeks, Guns mounted and evry thing complete notwithstanding the Plank &c. had to be carried by the men near a mile and the ditch cut through a solid strata of gravel and rock, with but indifferent tools to do it with— it is a monument of the most excessive hard Labor our forces have as yet performed, and notwithstanding they were on short allowance of Beef and wheat for a time without Bread Tea sugar or coffee, many destitute of shoes but few complaints were made.

About the first of Dcember information having been received<sup>d</sup>. that Gen<sup>l</sup>. Kearney was at Warners Pass about 80 miles distant with 100 Dragoons, on his march to San Diego, Comm<sup>o</sup>. Stockton immediately sent an escort of 50 men under Command of Capt. Gillespie accompany<sup>d</sup> by Pass<sup>d</sup>. Mid<sup>n</sup> Beal & Duncan, having one piece of artillery. they reached Gen<sup>l</sup>. K. without molestation.

on their return they surprised about 93 Californians at San Pascual, under command of Andreas Pico who had been sent to that part of the country to drive off all the Cattle and Horses and prevent us from getting them. Genl K. lost Capts. Moore Johnson and Lieut. Hammon and 15 Dragoons, 17 others being severely wounded, and lost also one piece of artillery— Genl K. Capt. Gillespie and Capt. Gibson were severly wounded also one of the Engineers officers. Some of the Dragoons have since died from their wounds. The Californians left none on the field. Genl K took one Prisoner, who was wounded and has since died it is said the only one they lost in the fight

The following day (but) was compelled to occupy a Small Hill occupy<sup>d</sup> by the Enemy having large high rocks, beautifully adapted for defense in which place he prepared to defend himself. the Californians becoming reinforced and completely surrounding him, Lieut Godey of the Volunteers escaped through the Enemy<sup>s</sup>. line of sentrys, the night after the engagement, and came in with a Letter from Capt. Turner to the Comm<sup>o</sup>., the Comm<sup>o</sup> asked Lieut. Godey if he thought Genl K. could not proceede safely on his march, and was answ<sup>d</sup>. in the affirmative while amongst the rocks. Pass<sup>d</sup>. Mid<sup>n</sup> Beal and Kit Carson (a celebrated Hunter, and guide to Capt. Freemont through the Rocky

Mountains) managed, under cover of night to pass out through the Enemy<sup>s</sup> ranks, and after three days & nights, hard marching through the mountains—without water, succeeded in getting safely into San Diego completely famished. Soon after arriving Pass<sup>d</sup>. Mid<sup>n</sup>. Beal fainted away, and for some days entirely lost his reason. the same night of his arrival the Comm<sup>o</sup>. sent out a detachment consisting of [blank] Marines and Sailors, under Command of Lieut Gray, the marines under Command of Lieut. Watson, Savannah<sup>s</sup>. Musketeers Comm<sup>d</sup>. by Lieut. Guest assisted by Mid<sup>n</sup> Wells, Lee, & Parish, Portsmouth<sup>s</sup> Musketers Comm<sup>d</sup>. by Liut Hunter, assisted by Mid<sup>n</sup> Whitaker, Boats<sup>n</sup>. and Purser Watmough, the Artillery Comm<sup>d</sup>. by Lieut. Thompson and Tilghman, the whole under the immediate Command of Capt. Zeilin as adjutant of the forces, each officer and man carrying a Blanket, 3 lb. jerked Beef and 3 lb. of Hard Tack.

We left San Diego at about 9 PM marched until near day light when we ascended a freezing [?] mountain for the purpose of laying by during the day, wishing to surprise the Enemy, (rather a bad place to escape observation, on the Top of a high mountain destitute of Trees) we lay on the ground all the next day, suffering much for water and during the night from cold, at dark we descended the Mountain and proceeded on our march. about 2 AM we discover<sup>d</sup> some fiers ahead which on approaching were sudenly extinguished, which proved to be one of the Enemy<sup>s</sup>. out Posts. Shortly afterwards we made the lights of Genl. K<sup>s</sup>. Camp owing to the Enemy<sup>s</sup>. having taken Lieut. Godey on his return to Genl K<sup>s</sup> Camp with the Comm<sup>os</sup> despatches, they were not aware of our approach or they might by night have taken advantage of some of the deep passes which we had to march through and injured us severley.

We reached Genl K<sup>s</sup>. Camp at about 4 AM much to their manifest relief. They were subsisting upon Poor Mule meat which they had managed to secure, and were reduced to mere skelletons— the Genl. had come to the conclusion to make an attempt that day to proceede on his march for San Diego, having detroyed all of his Baggage Burning his Camp Equipage Sadles Bridles, Clothing &c. Seeing that to remain would be death in a worse shape than dieing on the field, and judging from the enfeebled Condition of his forces and from previous Circumstances, the Enemy being in good Condition and well mounted, I think it would not be a hazzard of opinion to say that he would have been overpowered and Compelled to Surrender— before our departure from the Camp the Enemy appear<sup>d</sup> across the Plane, but soon disappear<sup>d</sup>. We reached San Diego on the 2<sup>d</sup> day much exhausted, and cripple<sup>d</sup> up from sore feet

an expedition having about this time arrived from the South bringing in more Cattle Horses & mules, the Comm<sup>o</sup>. commence<sup>d</sup> making rapid preparation<sup>s</sup>. for his march against the Enemy at Los Angeles. they having observed our movements, suddenly left and a General Concentration was made at the Pueblo. the Cyane having arrived, our forces were increased to about 600. most of them understanding the Drill and performing the evolutions like regular soldiers—

evry thing being ready for our departure, the Comm<sup>o</sup>. left Capt. Montgomery and officers in command of the town, and the 29<sup>th</sup>. of December took up his line of march for the Angeles, Genl Kearney being 2<sup>d</sup> in Command and having the immediate arrangement of the forces, reserving for himself the Perogative which his rank necessarily imposed upon him, owing to the weak state of our oxen we had not crossed the dry bed of the River San Diego before they broke down, and the Carts, which were 30 to 40 in number, had to be dragged by the men, the General insisting on the Comm<sup>o</sup>. that it was useless to commence such a march as was before us with our present means but the Comm<sup>o</sup>. urged on performing at least one days march should we have to return the next We succeeded in reaching the valley of the Solidad that night by dragging our Carts. the next day the Comm<sup>o</sup>. proposed to get 6 miles farther which we accomplished, and continued on 6 miles farther, and in this way, (having got a few fresh oxen on our road) by assisting the Carts up the Hills we succeeded in marching 10 or 12 miles per day. at San Louis Rey we obtained more Carts and oxen, and after that our march became more rapid and less embarased, accomplishing some days from 15 to 22 miles—

the third day after leaving San Louis Rey a white flag was seen ahead which proved to be from "Flores," signing himself Comm<sup>dr</sup>. in chief and Governor of Calif<sup>ra</sup>. asking for a "Conference for the purpose of Coming to terms which would be alike Honorable to both Contries"—The Comm<sup>o</sup>. refused to answer him in writing, saying to the bearer of the Truce that his answer was "he knew no such person as Gov<sup>r</sup>. Flores, that he was the only Gov<sup>r</sup>. in California—that he knew a rebel by that name, a man who had given his Parole of Honor not to take up arms against the Govern<sup>t</sup>. of the U S. and who if the People of California now in arms against the forces of the U S. would deliver up he would treat with them on condition of their surrendering, giving up their arms and retiering peacably to their Homes, granting them protection from further molestation, as Citizens of the U. S. this they refused to do preferring as they said to die with Flores.

On the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup>. of January they met us on the Banks of the River San Gabriel, with between five and six hundred men

mounted on good Horses and armed with Lances and Carbines, having also 4 pieces of Artillery planted on the heights, about 350 yards distant from the river owing to Circumstances which have occurred since the Surrender of the Enemy I prefer not mentioning the particulars of this days Battle and also on the day following or of referring to individuals concerned in the successful management of our Forces. it is sufficient to say that on the 8<sup>th</sup>. we succeeded in crossing the River and driving the Enemy from the heights, (which half of their number should have prevented us from charging up) having put them to flight in every direction, resisting their charges and dismounting one of their field pieces.— we camped on the ground which they occupied, in fighting us the next day they met us on the Planes of the mesa, for a time the fighting was carried on by both sides with artillery—but proving too hard for them, they concentrated their whole force in a line ahead of us, and at a given signal divided from the center and came down us like a Tornado charging upon all sides of us at the same time, but were effectually defeated—leaving the field in every direction and in the utmost disorder. Many of their Horses were left dead on the field, their loss in the Two days fights, as given by Andreas Pico, the Enemy's 2<sup>d</sup> in command, was 83. killed & wounded, our loss 3 killed one accidentally, by our own forces, and 15 or 20 wounded, none dangerously—

on the 10<sup>th</sup>. we entered the City without opposition the Enemy having deserted it having left in an Indian village near by Two pieces of artillery, a sufficient indication that they were satisfied and had no more use for them, in a few days information came in that Flores and 60 others had fled to Sonora carrying with them many Horses. a Treaty was agreed upon between Col. Freemont and Andreas Pico & other officers, by which a general Surrender was made, the Treaty being revised and approved by the Comm<sup>o</sup>. in making the treaty with Col. Freemont fully proved the adage that drowning men catch at straws—Shortly after Col Freemont was made Governor, Genl K. & the Comm<sup>o</sup>. returned to San Diego by land, the Forces belonging to the Ships marched down to San Pedro and embarked on board the Stonington, and rejoined their Ships at San Diego, where I remained until the arrival of this Ship—[The Savannah.]

[March 27, the Savannah with Duvall on board sailed for home.]

## THE MEMOIRS OF LEMUEL CLARKE McKEEBY

(Concluded from the *Quarterly* Vol. III, No. 1)

## IN THE MINES

August 4th, 1850. Having arrived at the mines yesterday and had a good night's rest, we awake this morning and take a look at our surroundings. First we peek into the various saloons and gambling places; then we go down to the creek to get some idea of mining. We do not see a single person that we have ever met before. We had our frying pan, coffee-pot and blankets and forty dollars in money. We knew nothing about mining, and neither of us was accustomed to manual labor, especially such work as mining, but we were in the best of health; we had come here to dig gold and this must be our vocation from now on, so we hied ourselves to a store that fitted out miners, and commenced our purchases. We paid thirty dollars for a rocker, ten dollars for a shovel and five dollars for a pick; this took all our money and five dollars more; then we had to have a wooden bucket to carry dirt, a tin dipper and pan and some provisions; this cost about ten dollars more; this completed our outfit all of which we loaded on our backs and put out for the hills close by. When night came on we spread our blankets, got some supper, lay down to sleep and to think over the situation.

In the morning after eating some breakfast we looked about us for a place to commence operations. We selected a ravine in which to begin our mining, then a large oak tree for our camp, and at once set to work digging for gold as we had seen others do it. We stationed our rocker a few rods down the creek by a little pool of water, then digging in the bed of the creek filled the bucket with the dirt, carried it to the rocker, dumped it into the hopper and shaking the cradle poured water on the dirt; the water and fine particles of dirt falling through the screen and running off at the lower end of the cradle; the gold, if any, is supposed to remain in bottom of the cradle. The screen was then lifted and the coarser gravel thrown out. This process we repeated during the remainder of the day and at night we panned out the result of our day's efforts; in this first day's work the yield was very small; the next day about the same; after that we did a little better so that about the fifth day we cleaned up about eight dollars apiece and felt that we were miners sure enough. By this time we were out of provisions so we went to town, paid our bill in gold dust, purchased more provisions, and returned to our camp.

We continued working in this way for some three or four days

when we thought we would strike out and look for better diggings, so we piled our household goods, rocker, etc., on our backs and started out to find them. We went over to White Rock Canyon, some ten miles away; there we saw some miners at work and we sat on the bank and watched them for some time, taking a lesson in digging for gold as it were, and at the end of the lesson concluded that the place we had left was as promising as this; accordingly we returned to again try our luck in the old spot and by night we were once more there. Here we stayed a few days longer but met with indifferent success. . . .

A few days after this we concluded to look up a place for winter quarters as the rainy season was near at hand; this was about the first of October; so we joined with two other young men who like ourselves were looking for winter quarters (the names of the then young men I have forgotten), so we made a party of four and went to a place called Dry Creek, some few miles below Placerville. Here we took up some claims on the creek the center of which had been worked the season before during the rains, and we proceeded to select the dirt along the creek and throw it up on the bank to wash out when the rains came; in the meantime we kept one rocker going, there being some water holes along the stream that made this possible. We also built us a log cabin on the bank close to our claims. An enterprising mail-carrier came along the creek about once in ten days taking our names and bringing our letters from Sacramento Post Office; for this service he charged one dollar for each letter delivered and we were glad to pay this sum for our letters were messengers from home. About this time we were visited by a collector of votes on the admission of California as a State.

One day about this time word was sent down the line that a beef was to be killed some two miles up the creek, and for those wanting meat to come up. I was detailed to get a supply for our cabin; on arriving at the place I found a half a hundred miners standing around the slaughtered beef waiting their turn. I got me a good chunk, paid for it and trudged home with a happy heart as this was the first time I had had a chance to eat beef since we had left the sink of the Humboldt. We had beef all right but it was so tough that it lasted some days, the old substantial bacon being preferable. Some days after this an old sea captain who had a cabin on the opposite side of the creek directly across from us, was making us a little visit during which he mentioned the fact that he went up and got some of that same beef and that it was so tender and juicy that it was a great treat. I was thunder struck and thought the old man was not telling the truth and then related our experience in regard to that same meat in language so strong that

the old man saw that I doubted his veracity; but he was good natured about it and laughed. He asked me if I was of the opinion that the whole beef was either tough or tender. I assured him that that was just my opinion; then he laughed some more and explained the difference to me. I now suppose that I must have selected a chunk off of the round and that the captain knew better how to select meat than I. So the next Sunday after this the four of us took a trip over to Coloma which was about eight miles distant, over rolling hills. Here we found quite a mining town, and in addition to the many saloons and gambling houses there were some dozen or more meat stalls strung along the main street. As we had no use for the saloons or gambling houses we spent some time in looking at Sutter's Mill and the raceway where gold was first found, and then we tried our luck at buying a beef steak. Remembering the lecture of the old sea captain I selected a nice juicy looking piece of meat, probably four pounds, with a streak of fat and a streak of lean running through it; then we started for home; the sun was hot; we took turns carrying our precious beef steak. On arriving home we proceeded to cook the steak and then to masticate it; this caused a big disgust to come over us, for this meat, if anything, was a little tougher than our former purchase. I am now of the opinion that it came from directly behind the horns and the supposed streaks of fat were streaks of gristle. I was never able to select a good piece of meat until after I married and got more experience.

As Christmas was now approaching word came up the creek that there would be a Christmas dinner cooked by a woman at a place called Shingle Springs some three or four miles down the creek from our camp. Now as we had not seen a woman's face since we had turned miners, we were all overjoyed at the prospect of eating a dinner cooked by a female. It reminded us of our bachelor lives and our thoughts went back to the home dinner cooked by our mothers in the happy past and in our distant happy homes, so we all made it a point to wear our best and most attractive clothes in honor of the woman who was to cook and serve this dinner. There were a number of cabins on the creek and the occupants of all of them turned out in their very best to enjoy this festival. To our minds the best dressed of our neighbors was a young man from Tennessee; his costume consisted of a pair of fancy drawers, fancy shirt, slouched hat and shoes. We all felt proud of his manly figure and fancy costume. When we arrived at Shingle Springs we found there about one hundred men that had gathered to the feast and two or three women preparing the dinner which was served on an improvised table made of rough boards with seats to match; there was no tablecloth; some crockery ware was used for

dishes to eat from, and there was a mixed lot of knives and forks with tin cups for our coffee. All enjoyed the meal which was good and abundant; for dessert we had the privilege of looking at the cooks as they flitted about their work.

Up to this time we had had some rain and were able to wash out some of the dirt that we had thrown upon the banks. We had gotten the idea that we could not work in the creek after the rains set in for good owing to the great quantities of water that would flow down. The fact [was] that we knew little about mining or the nature of the rainy season of California at that time, but because of this erroneous impression were contemplating a change and finally concluded to go to Nevada City where we learned they were taking out great quantities of gold, and on or about the 28th day of December, 1850, we packed our traps and started out on foot for the new Eldorado. We took with us such of our belongings as we could carry leaving the cabin and its furnishings to others who might take it. The day was fine and we made pretty good headway and camped in the open. The next day we had a little rain and in the evening it was quite wet and we sought shelter at a roadside station with a saloon attachment. We paid one dollar each for the privilege of sleeping on the earth floor in our own blankets and by noon that day we discovered that the floor on which we slept was alive with vermin. This was bad for it took us some days to get rid of the pests.

The next day, the 31st day of December, 1850, we arrived at Nevada City. We had now been in the mines some five months and had only dug out of the ground about five hundred dollars in all; it had taken all this to pay for provisions; our other expenses were comparatively nothing; so we were no better off on the last day of the year 1850 than on the day we arrived in "Hangtown." Such was our success up to this time. So far we had not met any person that we had formerly known. We really knew nothing about the mines nor of mining; we could not turn our attention in any other channel for we had no money or friends to advise with and we were feeling pretty blue about this time.

On arriving in Nevada we located ourselves in a vacant cabin just above the city on the banks of Deer Creek; this creek had been pretty well torn up and men were then mining in its bed. The city itself was situated close by the creek and consisted of one quite long street on either side of which were wooden shacks mostly occupied by saloons and gambling houses. Mining was going on in all the ravines about the city and on the hillsides; some two or three shafts were being sunk on one of the hills. Everybody and everything looked like busi-

ness. It was reported that large quantities of gold was being taken out. Our camp was situated on the bank of the creek about a mile above the city. On waking the next morning we learned that the city had been totally destroyed by fire while we slept. It was but a few days after this however before the city was rebuilt with better buildings than before.

George and I strolled over the various diggings and noticed how different parties were carrying on their mining operations. Here for the first time we saw the "Long Tom" working. This was an improvement on the cradle and in fact caused its abandonment. It was a long trough-like contrivance with a stream of water flowing in at its head; at its lower end it had an iron screen made by punching holes in a piece of sheet iron; through this screen the fine dirt, the water and the gold would drop into a box prepared for the purpose. One or two men would shovel the dirt into the "Tom," the water would wash it down to the iron sieve and from this the "Tom" tender would throw out with a shovel all such matter as would not pass through the sieve. We also saw parties using what was termed the ground sluice; this and the "Long Tom" combined led to the adoption of the ordinary sluice box system for saving gold. In our inspection of the manner of mining about Nevada City we observed some shafts being sunk; this method did not suit George and he remarked that he would not work in one of those shafts or go down in one of them for all the gold in California.

The fact was, George was not favorably impressed with mining; we were just discovering how little we knew of the efforts required to be successful in this industry and we were, furthermore, short on the wherewithal as well as on knowledge of mining operations, so we hired out at five dollars per day and worked for a man who had a claim in the creek close to our cabin. We staid with this man for one week and then came to the conclusion that it would be to our advantage to be our own masters. We therefore laid claim to some ground in the creek which had already been worked by others, thinking there would still be some profit in it.

After we had made some preparations to begin work on this claim, it happened that I was left alone and was standing on a large pine log that lay across the creek, some five or six feet above the bend of the creek, planning in my mind what we would do first, when another party walked out on the log. He was a rather large man and we engaged in conversation; he soon informed me that this was his claim and that he would presently commence work on it. I told him that I laid claim to it and that I was going to commence work on it the next morning. There we stood and discussed the matter, he explaining to me his title

to the property and the reasons why he was not there working it, and I, on my part, holding quite as stoutly to my claim, although all I had was the right of possession. We finally came to high words and he invited me to get down on the ground and fight it out. I looked at him a moment and then thought to myself—I really had no claim to this property and from this man's statement he could make a better showing than I; the rainy season was upon us, the creek would soon be a torrent, etc.; besides he was a much bigger man than I and I was very much in doubt as to the outcome of a fight—not that I was afraid, for my disposition was to fight on the least occasion, but in this case I realized that I might come out second best; I therefore resorted to diplomacy, and having discovered that I was the best talker I turned to him and said "Look here you great stand up——— you would like to settle this controversy by fighting me; you are as big again as I am and if you could not whip me you certainly are big enough to do so and I would be ashamed if I were you to make such a proposition to a man under your own size." (At that time I weighed about 130 pounds and he about 200 although he looked to me to weigh more than that.) Then I said "I now give you notice that I am going to work that claim," and we parted, he going off one end of the log and I, the other. I related my experience to George and we concluded to wait results. The next morning when my man came down with two or three others and began work on the disputed claim George and I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and so ended this episode.

Some days later, on a Sunday, we went to Nevada City, some half mile from our camp, as was the custom of all the miners within a radius of five or six miles, in hopes of meeting friends of former days; this time we were fortunate in meeting with an old friend from Milwaukee, by the name of Montgomery, who was so overjoyed at meeting us that he threw his arms around us and declared that it made him feel as happy as a child to see us—and he acted the part. He introduced us to his partner, a little Welshman by the name of Francis Francis; he made us promise that we would go home with them and spend the night at their cabin where we could talk of home and Milwaukee. As we were truly happy over meeting with Montgomery we cheerfully consented to go home with them, a distance of two miles or so. But first our new-found friend insisted that we must drink with them, and taking us by the arm he marched us into one of the big gambling houses and up to the bar.

I will try to describe one of these resorts. The building is of wood thirty to forty feet wide, one story high, eighty to one hundred feet deep, and on one side, a bar some thirty to fifty feet long; the first

three-fourths of this bar is well stocked with liquors and cigars, with some six to ten bar-tenders behind it; the further end is used as a place for weighing out gold dust, one, two or three sets of gold scales being distributed along this part of the bar with several men to weigh out the gold dust when required. At the back end of this room is a platform or bandstand filled with musicians blowing, pounding or scraping on their various instruments. Down through the center are placed a number of tables, their size being regulated to accommodate the game being played thereon. At each one sits a gambler with his assistant, the cappers and players being seated or standing around it, while on each table in front of the gambler are piles of gold coin amounting to thousands of dollars. Piles of \$50.00 slugs, piles of \$20.00 gold pieces, piles of \$10.00 gold pieces, and piles of \$5.00 gold pieces. There was little or no silver used in these games at this time, but in lieu thereof chips were employed of various denominations. The miner either alone or with one or more companions comes in, walks up to one of these tables, pulls his purse containing gold dust, out of his pocket, hands it to the gambler, saying, for example—"Give me \$200.00." The dealer places the sack on the table in front of him, then places on the bag a chip representing two hundred dollars and throws out to the miner two hundred dollars in chips, whereupon the miner commences to bet (there may be two, three or more miners betting at the same table). When the player wishes to quit he passes what chips he has to the dealer and if the chips so passed amount to more than the amount placed on his sack of dust, the dealer pays him the difference in gold from the stacks piled up before him and returns him his sack of gold dust, but, if on the other hand, the chips returned do not equal the amount indicated by the chips placed on his sack of dust, the dealer's assistant takes the sack and he and the losing miner go to the counter at the end of the bar and there is weighed out from the miner's sack sufficient dust to pay the amount he has lost, his sack then being returned to him.

There was at the time of which I am now writing, to-wit, the forepart of the year 1851, four establishments such as I have just described, running in the City of Nevada, two of them located in the lower part of town one opposite the other and two in the upper part of the town each one on each side of the street; on Sunday and every night they ran full blast—other days they were more quiet. On Sundays there would congregate in the City from two to three thousand miners, more to meet their friends and get supplies than to try their luck at cards. Gambling, I take it, was incidental to their coming into town. Each Sunday while I stayed near the city seemed to be a gala day for the

people assembled there; and the street (there was but one) was fairly black with the crowds that stood in front of these gambling places. The bands belonging to these houses seemed to vie with each other in keeping the crowd moving; when the music on one side of the street stopped playing, the band on the other side would start up and the people would rush across to hear it play, and when it stopped, the other side would strike up and the men would rush back. This continued until towards evening when the miners would prepare for their homeward journey when they would purchase such supplies as were needed in their several camps. During these Sundays and more particularly in the afternoon of these days, the bars did a great business; men were lined up the whole length of the bar calling for and drinking liquors while they carried on loud and boisterous conversation; sometimes they would drink several times before leaving the bar. Such was the case when Montgomery took us into one of these places to treat because of our meeting; George and myself were poor drinkers in more senses than one so we called for Port wine while Montgomery and his partner ordered whiskey; then we stood and talked a moment and more liquor was ordered; this time George and I quietly emptied the contents of our glasses on the floor; a final glass must be filled before we departed, but we managed to dispose of this also without the observance of our friends. . . .

Slapjacks were the staff of life to us miners in those days and we became quite expert in flapping them over in a frying-pan; it was not difficult for me to throw them some two or three feet up in the air and land them safely, batterside down in the pan. I have heard some experts in this line who claimed that they could throw them up the chimney then run around on the outside of the cabin and catch them in the pan; however, I have never seen one do it. . . .

A few days after this when in Nevada I chanced to meet an old acquaintance of mine—a man whom I had formerly known in my soldiering days—Gardner by name. He was a manufacturer of fish barrels on the Island of Mackinac while I as a soldier was stationed there, and I used frequently to visit his shop. He told me he knew where I could locate some claims in his neighborhood and he thought they might prove of some value. This was good news to me for I wanted a chance to work for myself. Thus far we had neither been able to save but very little money, nor had the opportunity of earning any; so here was a chance and I made up my mind to investigate at once. Therefore I told my friend Gardner that I would go home with him and locate a claim for myself and one for George. These mines were about three miles from Nevada City. On our arrival there I dis-

covered that pay was some twenty-five feet deep and that the adjoining parties were running a tunnel through their claim, that would ultimately reach this ground. I located two claims and made arrangements with these people that they should continue the tunnel until it reached my claims and that they should give me \$6.00 per day for working in the tunnel until it reached my property. The locating of claims is regulated by the miners, either by consent or by a meeting of the miners at which they prescribe the manner of locating, size of the claim, etc.; this then becomes the law in this locality and in general these rules are founded on justice and are strictly obeyed by the miners.

I returned home the same day and reported to George what I had done in this matter, but he did not take to my plans with cheerfulness, for the fact was that he was discouraged and homesick; neither did he like mining, and positively refused to work underground. He was determined to try something else and thought if he could only go to San Francisco or Sacramento that he would be able to engage in a business more congenial to him. The more we discussed the matter the more determined he became to leave the mines and go to San Francisco. I had no family and was comparatively alone in the world and felt perfectly competent to take care of myself at all times and in all places. George, on the other hand, was a business man, older than I, and had a family to which he was strongly attached; also his brother and partner had a business in Chicago. Under these circumstances, I did not blame him for leaving me at this time, for here we were to part. We took inventory and found [we] had but a little over one hundred dollars between us. I offered him all we had but five dollars but he was too generous to consent to this and insisted that I keep thirty dollars. He took the balance, which, as I now recollect, was about eighty dollars. We then said goodbye and I parted with him, as I then thought never to meet again in this State. I told him that I had no faith in his being able to go into his business in this State, and that I was sure that he would return home and not come back to me. My surmise on this point proved to be correct, and I was rejoiced later to learn that he had made a lot of money back in his old home town. Before leaving for the east, however, he wrote me from San Francisco to hold myself in readiness to come to him as he had big prospects for opening a trunk store in that city,—this being his original business, but alas, the next day he wrote me that he could buy no stock there and that he would start for home the next day on a sailing vessel. He wished me good bye, and that was the last I ever saw of him. After his arrival home he and his brother established a large business in the trunk manufacturing line and made lots of money.

Now, being alone and feeling confident in my ability to take care of myself, I felt very hopeful of the future, and was fully determined that when I did return home it would be with something to show for the years of absence; further than that, that if I failed to succeed I would never return. My heart filled with cheerful anticipation, I gathered my belongings together, piled them on my back and started out for my new claims and immediately set to work in the tunnel. We were then passing through some very good pay dirt and had reason to feel much encouraged with the prospect. The rainy season had then set in, and the ground above being composed of gravel, the water came through into the tunnel in streams whether it was raining outside or not, so that we were drenched as we worked. Some of the time there was snow upon the ground and as it melted much of it leaked through, but notwithstanding these conditions, we provided ourselves with rubber clothing and continued to work night and day. The progress we made was slow and difficult and from the time we entered the tunnel until we left it we were subjected to this ice cold bath. I have often since wondered how on earth mortal man could have endured the exposure and labor we then underwent. We continued at this work for about four weeks, and while we were approaching my claims I noticed that the pay gravel was getting poorer; this lessened my interest in the undertaking as I did not care to work merely for wages.

About this time I again met my old friend Montgomery and he proposed that I buy into his gold flat claim; he said he had sold his interest but that another owner wanted to sell; that the claim was paying and that he thought it was a good buy; that he sold because he did not like that kind of work; there were some eight interests in the claim; those who did not work themselves furnished a man in their place; that he, Montgomery, sold his interest for five hundred dollars, that the other party would sell at the same price and he advised me to buy; that he would endorse my note if I did not have the money. So I told Montgomery all right, I would buy the claim if he would help me by going on my note; this was done and I went to work with the Company. One member of this Company had a brush camp close to our place of work—I have forgotten his name, but he was a very nice young man and I was glad to accept his invitation to share his camp with him as he was all alone. I was not long in paying off the five hundred dollars,—then for the first time I felt independent. The claim was paying and we had considerable ground yet to work.

My camp partner, whose occupation had been that of a school teacher, was very congenial to me and we got along splendidly together. Some time after this—I should say about April or May, 1851—he in-

formed me that he had some friends who knew of a party that had made two efforts to cross the mountains to get into the Truckee Valley where they had heard of big secret diggings, but that they had twice failed on account of the depth of the snow; that they were now ready to make the third effort and that his friends were preparing to follow them and he proposed that we—he and I—hire a man to take my place in our diggings, he to pay half the hire of the man, and I to fit up and go with his friends to find this secret prospect. All these supposed secret deposits—and there were many reported—were called “dead wood” because they were considered “dead sure things,” and the parties hunting them had the “dead wood” on the secret. So I bought me a good stout mule, pick, shovel and pan and about one month’s provisions and started out, about ten of us together, feeling that we had a sure thing—“the dead wood” on it. We followed up the ridge between the south fork of the American River and Bear Creek until we got on the trail of the Donner party or old emigrant road, and after two or three days travel we reached Bear Valley. Most of us were on foot leading or driving our animals which were heavily laden with packs.

In about the middle of the valley, which was not very large, we made camp and turned our animals out to feed. Just at dusk while all were busy getting supper, our attention was called to the mules who a little way off were all gathered in a bunch with their heads to the center; then some one cried out “There is a bear close by,” and we all ran to the locality of the animals, each one with pistol drawn. I had a Smith & Wesson six-shooter and had I met the bear I think I would have been foolish enough to have charged upon him with perfect confidence in my pistol. As it was growing dark we did not hunt much in the bushes for Mr. Bruin although we had no doubt but what he was in the vicinity for the mules are very sensitive to their presence. They soon went to feeding, so after placing guards out we went to sleep.

In the morning we took the emigrant road up the mountains and soon got into the snow; in most places the ground was bare but on the higher peaks the snow was many feet deep. We passed over it on the crust but often a mule would break through; then we would all turn to digging him out. For the two or three days, therefore, that we were in this snow belt our progress was slow. As we were descending on the eastern side of the mountains and passing Donner Lake over a steep side hill and across a grassy swale, some two or three of our mules mired with their packs on, and we had to cut poles and pry them out. The bank of the Lake was some three or four hundred yards below us and about three or four feet above the water on the shore. The first mule pried out lay with his pack towards the lake and he immediately com-

menced sliding down the hill with feet uphill but when he reached the bank of the lake he rolled over and landed on his feet on the shore, unhurt, and with his pack firmly in place. I think it was one of the funniest sights I ever witnessed to see that mule going down some three hundred yards, sliding on his side with his back down hill, slipping over the wet grass without making any effort or struggle, and landing on his feet on the edge of the lake.

We sent two more mules down the toboggan and drove the others down, thus avoiding crossing the marshy land; we then followed the shore until we came to what is termed the "Cannibal Camps." This was the place where the Donner emigrant party on their way to California in 1848 were hemmed in by the snow and made camp, and where many of them died of starvation before relief came; here we saw the remains of their cabins; also where they had cut down trees, showing that they had been cut six and ten feet from the ground.

The next day's travel brought us to the valleys of the Truckee. One of these valleys I remember was called Dog Valley. Our route lay down the Truckee River; how or why we knew that I do not know, but some one or more of our party had friends in the party who had preceded us and they seemed to understand that our route lay down the river. As for me, I relied implicitly on the assurance that we had a dead sure thing ahead and that the party some few days ahead whom we were following, had the secret of rich diggings and that they had friends in our party. The fact was I had never met with but one of our party before we assembled to go on this trip and strange to say this man, Robt. McDowell by name, was one of my partners in my Gold Flat diggings. I was surprised when I met him at the rendezvous to find that his knowledge of the secret diggings was no greater than my own. We passed a few Indians as we journeyed along but they were peaceable; were well mounted on good American horses, probably left by or stolen from the emigrants of 1849-1850.

I learned that there were two men of our party who had come prepared to continue their journey eastwards across the plains in case the "dead wood" was a failure. They had three mules between them; two they rode and one carried their outfit. On the top of the pack of this pack mule, in plain sight at all times, was a small chest about eight by twelve inches, strongly banded and with brass tacks very prominent. This chest contained their treasure in gold dust and as near as we ever knew, it amounted to about six thousand dollars. All of the party kept an eye on this particular mule at all times. We followed down the Truckee River on the old emigrant trail and as we journeyed along we discovered that there were four or five other distinct parties that seemed

to be following ours, in the belief that we had or knew of some secret diggings. There were from three to five persons in each of these parties, traveling so as to keep us constantly in view both night and day. When we came to the last crossing of the Truckee at the point where the road leaves the river for the desert, we made an early camp to prepare for the forty-five mile journey over the desert without feed or water. About five P. M. we noticed not far away and coming in off the desert, a company of ten or twelve well equipped miners, and, to our amazement, found that they were the very party that we had started out to follow. They had left the sink of the Humboldt that very morning; they were now on their return without results, and pronounced the "deadwood" a failure. After listening to their experience and relating to them the incidents of our journey in pursuit of them, we gathered around the camp fire, some twenty in number, for a general talk. Then it was that I wanted to know from the party just returned what the story of the "dead wood" consisted of as there was no one in my party that seemed to know. And here is the substance of the story that was related.

During the emigration of 1850, and when near the sink of the Humboldt one of the emigrants leaving the wagon train took one of the so-called cut-offs and while journeying along by himself came upon a dry creek or ravine. Here his attention was attracted to something in the sand that he thought might be gold. He was so impressed with the thought that he put a few handfuls of this sand in his handkerchief, then hastened forward to overtake the wagon train. On coming up to his wagon he threw the handkerchief containing the sand into the tail end of the wagon and thought no more of the matter until he arrived at Sacramento. Here he took it to an expert to be examined and it turned out to be about half gold or at least very rich in gold. And this is the story of the "dead wood?" I remarked, and the answer was, Yes. Well, I said, where is the man? Is he with your party? No, he was not with them. And then, I said, this is all you know about the matter? You have been two months endeavoring to cross the mountains and follow up this fairy tale? I was so indignant when this story was told to me that I said some things that would not read well in this narrative and much besides that I do not remember now about their credulity and my chagrin at the part I had taken in connection with this cock and bull story. I certainly expressed myself fully on the subject.

Now what was to be the next move? All agreed (every one of them) that as we were so well fixed for prospecting that we investigate the head waters of the Yuba and Feather rivers. This plan did not

meet with my approval. I thought of the struggle I had had to get diggings that would pay, and now it would be foolish for me to pay money to another and spend my time in riding around the country hunting for diggings when I already had them. I felt so indignant at the outcome of this trip and had so poor an opinion of men that could be made such fools of that I told them that they could go their way without me, that the next morning before breakfast I would go over to the camp of one of the parties that had been trailing us and sell my provisions and that after breakfast I would start on the back track for home if I went alone. One of the party then rose up and said, "I will go with you McKeeby."

The next morning my friends and I went to the nearest of the camps and disposed of our provisions, came back for breakfast and stayed to see our friends start for their eastern home. We all realized that it was a dangerous undertaking for two men to attempt and we offered them anything that we might have that would be of any use to them. If there was any mule or any cooking utensil or provisions in the crowd better than what they had, they were welcome to take it. They were pretty well outfitted, however, and consented to take but few things; these were mostly in the nature of souvenirs. We bid them good bye and a safe journey as they mounted and rode away. I have forgotten the names of these two men. About one year after this, I met one of them in Nevada City and he gave me a detailed history of that trip. He said it was frightful; that they were fortunate in falling in with three Cherokee Indians at the sink of the Humboldt, who, like themselves, were on their way home to the States, and had their gold dust with them. They were shot at by the Indians nearly every day during their journey up the Humboldt river, but from Salt Lake on they were not molested; they lost one mule on the Humboldt by an arrow; they killed one of the Indians, etc.

The young man who volunteered to accompany me on the homeward trip had two very fine Jacks—one he rode, the other carried our surplus luggage. I am sorry that I have forgotten the name of this young man; he was a good and true fellow. We saw a few Indians on our way but were not molested by them. Towards sundown of our first day on the homeward way we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road behind us, making rapid progress; we soon saw that it was a man on a mule, and on nearer approach beheld McDowell who had changed his mind and concluding to join our party had ridden very fast to overtake us. We returned by practically the same route by which we had come, camping at the Cannibal Camp one night. We had no mishaps on our journey and when we arrived at camp I gave my school

teacher partner a history of our doings and we laughed heartily over the "dead wood" episode.

Some days after this my partner told me of a claim a friend of his owned at a place called French Corral where the dirt paid from top to bottom. Our present claim paid only on the bottom and we had to sink shafts and drift to get the pay dirt. This French Corral claim seemed all right but could be worked only after the rains. However I bought the claim without seeing it, paying three hundred dollars for the same.

The season was getting late; our claims were about worked out; my school teacher partner was ready to quit and McDowell inviting me to share with him his cabin, which was a good one, I accepted; then for the first time I commenced to know how to keep house. McDowell was an old lead miner and a good housekeeper. Heretofore my cooking outfit had consisted of one or two tin cups and plates, frying pan, coffee pot, a couple of knives and forks and an iron kettle, but he had all the pots, kettles and crockery necessary to keep house with; the cabin was swept every day and we had clean dishes every meal. He was the chef, I was the man of all work, although he always did more than his share. Every dish, pan or pail was washed up every night ready for the next day. McDowell had taken a great liking to me and I was much attached to him; he was honest and truthful; generous to a fault and really the bravest man I ever knew. I had on more than one occasion seen his bravery tested. Furthermore he was very industrious and of good habits. So we drifted together and after our diggings were worked out we, with some two others, went on a prospecting trip over on the American River and settled down on some claims just above Mormon Island. These claims had been partly worked the winter before. I believe those claims were good, but the work that we did on them was to no purpose. I can now see that we could have brought water to them and, if our title proved good, could have made a fortune; but, for various reasons, we packed up and returned to McDowell's cabin.

A few days after this a party of our friends were going on a prospect to Scotchman's Creek, some twenty miles up the ridge from Nevada City. A number of the party had been there and reported the outlook good, and that there were some deserted cabins that we could occupy. McDowell wanted that we should join the party as the rainy season was approaching and it was desirable that we should get winter diggings. I had already told him that I had bought the French Corral claim and offered him half of my purchase which he accepted, and paid for, so I suggested that he go to look after this claim while I would go with these parties to Scotchman's Creek. This was agreed upon. The parties

I was to go with were then fitting out their supplies and as I was not quite ready I paid them my share of the outfit (\$100.00) and they started on ahead, I to follow in a few days. McDowell got ready and put out for French Corral by himself, neither of us having seen this claim. Our plans were that if I did not like the outlook at Scotchman's Creek I was to go to French Corral, and that if he was not satisfied with the prospects on his claim that he was to join me. So we parted each going his own way and each carrying his outfit on his back. Mine consisted mainly of my blankets and clothing and weighed about thirty pounds. McDowell's destination was about ten miles from Nevada City, and mine, about twenty. I had full instructions as to the road and location of the cabins. Scotchman's Creek was the original name of the place subsequently called "Alpha and Omega."

I started out at sunrise and followed this lonely trail until I arrived at the two cabins which were the homes of my companions. I knew the cabin that I was to occupy by seeing my tent which I had sent forward with the outfit, drawn over the end of the cabin and over the bunks; the cabins were incomplete; there was no chinking between the logs; no roof; the fireplace made of logs, and a doorway but no door. I arrived there about three in the afternoon, and finding no one in either cabin, rightly judged that the parties were all down in the canyon about half a mile away; so I unrolled my blankets, placed them and my clothes in the vacant bunk designed for me; took up a shovel, dug a hole about one foot deep on either side of the fireplace and taking the two sacks of gold dust that I had carried rolled up in my blankets dropped them, one in each of the holes and covered them up. I then sprinkled some ashes over the disturbed ground, made a fire and went to cooking supper for the boys—my two companions—so that it should be ready when they arrived, which was but a little later. All were delighted to see me and we spent a pleasant evening telling stories.

I remained here with these parties for about two weeks. My companions were five in number, three to each cabin—all Southern young men, and all of them fond of hunting. During my stay with them we always had a deer hanging at the corner of one of the cabins. Our daily custom was to go down into the canyon which was exceedingly steep and quite heavily timbered. We would amuse ourselves on the way by rolling down rocks, and to vary the sport some of us would get behind a big tree part way down and see the rocks go by. We would take with us a pick, pan and shovel, and while part of us were prospecting the other would be off hunting; then we would climb up to our cabins, get something to eat, and spend the evening in telling stories and playing cards. This was about the way we spent our time.

After about two weeks of this, however, I concluded that while these young men were good fellows in their way, they were not of my style or make—their ambition running to hunting, while mine was to make money, so I told them one evening that I had decided to go down and see what McDowell was doing, that I did not see much outcome to this place and that I would leave them in the morning for French Corral; so we all planned the trail I was to take, and then we went to bed.

In the morning all hands were up and doing and expressed their regrets at my departure, etc.; they also regretted that they were not fixed just then so that they could pay me for my share of the provisions; I knew, however, that I could not take them with me anyway, so I made a virtue of necessity and said: "Boys, do not worry about that. If you do well, which I hope you may, just send me \$75.00." My proposition seemed to strike them about right; while they were truly sorry to see me go, I had put the matter in such a generous way that my loss to them was only a personal matter, so with good wishes and many suggestions, all offered to aid me in packing for the start. I then spread my blankets on the ground in front of the cabin door, took up a shovel, commenced digging at first one side of the fireplace and then the other, knocked the dirt off of my bags of dust and laid them in my blankets. A more astonished lot of men I never saw in my life than those boys when they saw me take that shovel and dig up my hidden treasure; they stood stock still with eyes and mouths wide open until I placed the sacks in my blankets. "Boys," I said, "I ought to have told you of these sacks, but you were not here when I arrived so I put them in what I thought was a safe place and said nothing. I now realize that something might have happened to me and nobody would have known of this cash; but it is all right now and none of us had occasion to worry about it." The purses contained between \$1000.00 and \$1200.00 in gold dust. So I bid my partners of a few days farewell and have never seen or heard of them since.

That afternoon about five o'clock I arrived at French Corral and found my friend McDowell. He had gone to work with the Yankee boys (so called because they were from the State of Maine), whose claim adjoined ours. The happiest man in French Corral that evening was McDowell and he managed to get the whole town gloriously tight over my arrival. He had built a good cabin and was well housed. Had engaged to work in the claim adjoining our own, which proved to be one of the best in the district, and had got pretty well the lay of the surrounding ones as well.

I found French Corral a pretty lively place, composed mostly of tents occupied as saloons and gambling places. The rains had just

commenced, the creek was being mined extensively and was very rich in pay dirt; lots of gold was being taken out, and lots of gambling was going on. The day after my arrival I bought a mining claim for \$100.00. This one lay directly in front of ours so we were obliged to have it in order to carry on the work. Then I went up the ridge about three miles to a place called Birchville where I engaged two whip-sawyers to saw me some sluice lumber. I stayed pretty closely by them until they had cut enough boards to fill my order which took them some three days. Part of the time it rained, mostly in the night time, however. For this lumber I paid ten cents per foot. My next step was to get the lumber on the ground. There was but one team to be had and that belonged to the Frenchman at the station called French Corral and from which station the place took its name. I finally persuaded the Frenchman to haul this lumber for me. It was not much of a load for four mules and the distance was not more than three miles, but the road was very bad and we mired down several times. I paid twenty dollars for the use of the team and driver. It rained good and hard all day. Now that I had got my lumber on the grounds I felt happy and very anxious to get to work as we could do so only while the water was plentiful.

McDowell kept on at work for the Yankee Company and we finally bought a one-fourth interest in their claim. This left me to manage ours, I therefore hired three men at five dollars per day each, and in ten days I had worked this claim out and reached the line of our claim. In doing this I had cleaned up one hundred dollars for each day. This was just like finding a thousand dollars; the ground had paid from the grass roots down to the bedrock which was from one to three feet in depth. After we reached the line of our claim the ground rose higher and the bedrock pitched into the hill, indicating the channel or bed of an old stream.

McDowell and I now considered ourselves on our feet as miners and as to myself I had no fears for the future. I was now inured to hard work and was beginning to understand the intricacies of mining. I had confidence in myself and my partner had confidence in me. I conducted the operations on our claim with the help of hired men and McDowell stayed with the Yankee boys. We worked every day from sun-up to sun-down, rain or shine; sometimes the snow would fly or the hail would pelt down upon us, but we never stopped work for we depended upon the rains for water to run our sluices and our aim was to work out our claim before the water failed.

This was in the winter of 1851-2. By this time several merchants had opened stores; restaurants and boarding houses had been estab-

lished and this mining camp was now very prosperous. Some parties had surveyed for ditches several miles in length, to bring water from the rivers so that placer mining might continue throughout the year. These were large and expensive undertakings but some of them were ultimately carried out. One of the first, if not the first, of these enterprises was the ditch from French Corral to Shady Creek and was carried out principally by Mr. Eddy, one of my partners in the Yankee boys' and other claims. One of the promoters of the Bloody Run ditch was Wm. M. Stewart, afterwards United States Senator from the State of Nevada. The first time I ever saw or heard of this gentleman was when he came to French Corral in 1852 with a party of surveyors who were making a preliminary investigation of the proposed Bloody Run ditch. His appearance was then that of a tall, robust, light-haired man, dressed in overalls and flannel shirt, white felt hat, well worn and stretched to its full height, coarse shoes and no stockings.

During this winter I witnessed the effects of the breaking of a not very large reservoir situated a little way above my claim on the French Corral Creek. It was built of logs and earth and below it were numerous sluice boxes and implements; when it went by me the logs and boxes were piled up in breast-like form, grinding and turning end over end with the great body of water pressing behind them, the timbers and sluices forming a great barrier. It was a singular but fearful sight as it passed, the water pressing all this debris before it. Fortunately no one was hurt. Some other incidents I will relate that occurred during my stay at French Corral—one of them a very sad one to me at the time and the sight of which I shall never forget and which brought me to know a man who ever after was a very near and dear friend.

During the winter some three of the Yankee boys, as they were called, had taken up or located claims situated similarly to ours on a gravel range on North San Juan Hill near the town of North San Juan and about three miles above a little place called Sweetlands and six above French Corral. These boys had run a narrow and dangerous cut about twenty feet deep into the hill. They had a cabin near us and usually came home at night. One night we missed them at their accustomed time but did not worry about them. Just before day we were aroused from our slumbers by a messenger from Mr. Henry Sweetland who informed us that the evening before these young men had all three been buried by a cave-in in their diggings. We all dressed and hurried off for the place; arriving at Sweetlands, Mr. Henry Sweetland met us on the porch of his house and pointed to the room where lay our friends, side by side on an improvised couch, cold in death. The Sweetlands consisted of three brothers—all single men—and Henry, the second

brother, appeared to be the man of most force and importance. He explained that on hearing of the accident, he, with others, unearthed the bodies and had them taken to his house and sent the messenger to us. The care that had been bestowed upon the bodies, and Mr. Sweetland's gentlemanly manner and expressions so impressed me that I became attached to him at once and from that time we were fast friends until his death which occurred some years after. This claim ever after was called the Dead Man's Cut, and, so far as I know, the ground never paid.

Another incident occurred while we were working at French Corral, which, though not so sad in its results, still makes my hair stand on end whenever I recall it. The Yankee boys and ourselves had laid claim to a portion of the bed of the creek just below the tail end of our sluices. One day, much to our surprise, we discovered a lot of men at work on what we claimed to be our ground and we went to drive them off; a warm dispute arose and the jumpers, as we called them, withdrew declaring that they would come back in the morning and work that claim or die. We told them All right, we would be there to meet them. The leaders of these jumpers were Southerners and half-way gamblers, and our crowd were termed the "Yankee Boys." We held a meeting that evening and determined to fight. McDowell was elected Captain and we adjourned to meet at six o'clock the next morning, each man to be armed with a pistol. There were about half a dozen of us and probably as many on the other side. That evening Mc and I and some others of our party and some friends went down to the headquarters of the town to note what the general feeling was. We noticed that there was much talk over what the morrow was to bring forth; the other parties were loud in what they were going to do and strutted about with their hands on their guns; our party was equally well heeled, but not so demonstrative. Finally McDowell could not stand their talk and motions any longer and he jumped upon a chair and commenced to make a speech. I stood by his side expecting every moment that shooting would begin while he was excitedly telling them what he thought of their crowd and their talk. He did not mince his words, he called things by their right names, but he kept his head. Had anyone in that crowd passed the lie or made a suspicious movement, shooting would have at once followed. After he had said all he wanted to, he and I withdrew from the saloon and went home.

The next morning we met in the cabin and arranged our program; it was planned that as soon as any violence took place on either side we should instantly commence shooting and to make this shooting effective each man selected and named the man on whom he would

open fire. Then we opened the cabin door and marched out in single file, McDowell at the head, each man with a pick or shovel over the left shoulder and the right hand on his pistol, already cocked, held in his pocket. So we marched single file from the cabin to the disputed claim. On the bank of the creek were many idlers looking on. The other parties did not appear which I have always considered fortunate for us as well as for our opponents. . . .

About this time [June, 1851] or later, I was in Nevada City—on a Sunday it seems to me, but this could not be, as Sunday is a non-judicial day. At all events, right on the open street a man was about to be whipped for theft, so I remember, and I stopped with others to witness the infliction of the punishment which, I presume, was authorized by law. They took off his shirts and bared his back to the waist, leaving his pants and shoes on. I think his hands were tied. Then a big, strapping fellow, with a many-thonged whip, struck him across the back; with each blow the cuticle on the back would rise up and leave several blue and red marks; once he called the whipper by name and asked him not to strike so low. How many blows he gave him I do not know for I left the scene before the whipping was finished. While such a punishment was disgraceful from every point of view, we at that time looked upon it as an incident of frontier life. As a rule the people were honest; none thought of taking that which did not belong to him, except in the matter of provisions which was always free to the prospecting miner; to him the latch-string of every cabin door hung upon the outside and he might enter, though it be in the absence of the occupants, and help himself to such food as would satisfy his hunger, and should a pan containing gold dust be lying on the bunk he would be interested only to the extent as to whether it was fine or coarse gold. Such was the unwritten law of those days, and it was seldom violated; when it was disregarded, however, the whipping post treatment was none too severe.

Our supplies usually came from Marysville, thirty miles away. During the rains of that winter the South Yuba became a raging torrent and the camp got out of the ordinary supplies. Prices of flour and all food stuffs went to one dollar per pound. This continued for about four weeks. We had now finished up our mining and there was nothing to do now until the rains came unless it was to prospect or prepare claims for another season. I had no claims then that I cared for and had between four and five thousand dollars which was considered quite a sum at that time. It had been my intention to return home as soon as I had made sufficient money to start me in business. I pondered a good deal over this matter. I had just received news of my

mother's death and this weakened somewhat my desire to return; I also took into consideration that the trip would cost me some ten or twelve hundred dollars for my passage, and a few hundred for presents which would altogether reduce the amount of my savings to a point below the amount I desired to make my start with, so I resolved to remain in the mines a year or two longer. This decision was probably the turning point in my life history.

Having made this resolution I looked around for investments. My friend McDowell was also seeking for a chance to invest in a mine for the coming season and we therefore agreed to continue as working-partners and to consult each other on all projects that presented themselves to either of us. Finally McDowell closed a deal for a claim on San Juan Hill, paying \$800.00 for the same and offering me half of his purchase. I had to tell him that I was sorry that he had closed the deal because I did not consider the property worth anything; that while I would pay half of the purchase price I would never consent to work the claim, giving him my reasons why it would not pay to do so. This ruffled him for he could not bear the thought that I had so little faith in his judgment, he therefore declined to take my money, assuring me that other parties wanted to join him in the purchase. I told him to let those parties have the whole of it and for him to get out, and as it subsequently proved, it would have been better for him had he taken my counsel.

A little while after this I bought a one-fourth interest in a claim about one mile from McDowell's purchase and on another hill. For this I paid \$600.00 after having prospected it to my satisfaction. I then went to him, told him of my venture and offered him a half interest, but no, McDowell was proud, and said inasmuch as I had refused to join him in his purchase he would decline to join me in mine. I still tried, although in vain, to persuade him because I was fond of him, and notwithstanding this severance of our working partnership, we remained fast friends ever after, and I cherish his memory to this day. . . .

Soon after this a party of miners on horseback rode into French Corral one morning headed by a Marysville lawyer named Nin Whitesides, and informed us that a miner had been murdered by the Indians and requested us to arm and join with them to find the guilty parties. I, with others who had horses, at once responded to the call and rode down the ridge to the scene of the murder and after examining the body, repaired to the Indian Agency which was near the Empire Ranch. Here we demanded that the Indian chief produce the men who committed the crime. After some parley between the Agent and the Chief, they brought out three young braves, mere youths, who confessed the

deed. Following a hasty trial by jury of miners, they were taken to a live oak tree, and three ropes placed one about each of their necks, their arms tied, and three horses led under a large limb of the tree; the boys were then directed to climb up on the several horses, which they did with some assistance, the ropes were fastened to the limb, and at a signal the horses led away, leaving the Indians dangling in mid air, where they were left for some half hour when they were pronounced dead and were taken down and turned over to the squaws of the tribe who took the bodies, placed them on the funeral pyre which they prepared for the occasion, and amidst howls, moans and groans of mourning, they sat around the burning mass until the bodies were consumed. It was then after dark and the miners dispersed to their several homes, satisfied that the death of their associate had been avenged. While this scene of trial and condemnation was in progress in the very camp of the Indians and in the presence of some seventy-five miners, not a tremor of fear was exhibited on the part of the condemned braves.

Being able to do nothing more on my Sebastopol claim—which later proved very valuable—than to prospect it and dig a small ditch to get water to it when the rains came, I devoted myself to finding a place to mine during the dry season. After examining various mining camps in the north with other parties, I finally settled on a place called Railroad Hill, near Camptonville in Yuba County. Here I mined about the creeks with varied success and little profit. Then I formed a company with others to bring water into Railroad Hill by ditch, a distance of three or four miles. In this undertaking I spent the remainder of the dry season, digging ditches, whip-sawing lumber, making flumes and such things. Among the six men who composed this company there were few who had any means other than their labor, so I furnished most of the money required to prosecute the undertaking. We finished the ditch and got water into the diggings but the ground proved to be not very profitable. When the water was low in the creek the ground would absorb the greater part of it before it reached Railroad Hill so that the ditch was of but little use except while the water was high in the creek.

After we had started our ditch, a company from Youngs Hill, a mining town a little lower down the ridge than Railroad Hill, made a ditch from that place to the creek from which we took our water, but striking it lower down. They claimed their right was prior to ours, but we had never heard of it and never believed it and do not now believe it. When water became scarce we had many disputes and angry controversies over the subject until we consented to arbitrate our rights at a miners' meeting.

On the day of this meeting at Spring Valley the opposing parties brought with them all the miners from Youngs Hill, possibly as many as one hundred men. I had only a few friends with me, and they advised me not to submit my case to them to be determined by a majority vote; so I refused to arbitrate before that crowd and abide by a majority vote. Youngs Hill was a large mining camp and the diggings were valuable, Railroad Hill, on the contrary, was a small camp and the diggings not so valuable. The owners of the Youngs Hill ditch were, in part, two of the Whitesides family, brothers of the lawyer who headed the party in the hanging of the Indians. A man by the name of Bill Cowen was the talker of the crowd and the Whitesides brothers were the gun men—I mention these names because I met one of them later under different circumstances.

As I had the most money in this ditch I felt the most competent in guarding its interest, so every day I went over the line with a shovel on my shoulder and a six shooter in my pocket. One day soon after this meeting, while on my way towards the head dam of my ditch, I met the two brothers and the man Cowen and another one coming towards me. We all stopped and Harrison Whitesides, apparently the leader, told me that they had cut my dam. "You have," said I—this information put me in a white heat in a moment (I had not as much sense at that date as I have now) so I said to them "You have cut my dam; now I am going up alone to fix it and you four big cowards may go back with me and see me do it, and if you cut it there in my presence you may have the water in welcome." Then I let loose on them and was not choice in telling them what I thought of their whole outfit.

A few days after this an injunction was served on me. I did not then know as much about law as I do now, so I paid no attention to the matter; in another day or two I was served with a notice to appear before Judge Barber at Marysville and show cause why I should not be punished for contempt etc. By this time I had employed a lawyer by the name of Swasey, so I hiked out to meet the order to show issued by the Judge, who fortunately was too drunk to entertain me, and my lawyer advised me to hike back as soon as possible, which I did forthwith. The end of this matter was that through the neglect of my lawyer I lost my case. I had put a good deal of money in this enterprise and now to have my rights unjustly assailed by a gang whose only claim was in their numbers, made me very sore and full of fight. On my return from Marysville I learned that Cowen had made his boast that they would law McKeeby until they got his water claim and with it his last shirt. These boastings aggravated me, and one day soon after my return from Marysville, I met Cowen and his gang at

Spring Valley. They were taking dinner at the Hotel, six or eight of them, and exulting over their victory over me when I walked into the dining room; their talk roused the fight in me and addressing Cowen, I said, "Mr. Bill Cowen, I learn that you are boasting that you will law me until I will not have a shirt left to my back. I came in here to tell you that I will have lots of shirts when you will not have money enough to buy one." I mention this little incident here because I will speak of my meeting with Mr. Cowen some years later.

A few months before I came to this valley (to illustrate with what blind faith the miners of those days prosecuted their work) a party opened up a quartz ledge close by a good stream of water; they got out some rock and sent samples of it to an assayer in the City of Nevada; he returned them with a flattering report of the gold found in them and on the strength of this report the miners built a stamp mill, and in the mean time got out a lot of rock and commenced crushing; this they did for ten days and upon cleaning up did not get even the color. These poor fellows at once packed up and left the beautiful little valley and their stamp mill, wiser and much poorer than when they came to it.

The rainy season had now set in, the snow was a foot or more deep at Railroad Hill, the miners were all busy and as my claim at Sebastopol required my attention I put out one morning for that locality which was some twenty miles or more from Railroad Hill. I strapped my blankets and clothing on my back and bid goodby to my partners and friends assuring them I would return as soon as I could, and went on my way on foot and alone. I had to break my road through the snow to Camptonville, about two miles away where I would intersect the Downieville mule trail. I wore my long rubber boots and many places I had to break my way through two feet of snow; having gotten some water in one of my boots the day before, I found my foot freezing before I reached Camptonville. When I reached the mule trail I ran the rest of the way and right into Mr. Cammel's roadside Inn, dropped my blankets, pulled off my boot and found that a thin glaze of ice covered my stocking and extended up to the calf of my leg. My foot fortunately was not frozen and after warming and drying my foot as well as possible I started down the trail, the snow giving way to slush and then to mud. I had to cross the river in a small boat and quite a distance to travel over a muddy road reaching my camp about dark pretty well worn out.

I found my new partners already on the ground waiting for me. We went to work getting ready for operations when the ditch company could reach our claim with their water, without which we could do but

little, so when the summer months came again I went over to Railroad Hill and worked on some grub stake claims that I had there and at Spring Valley. I invited McDowell to come and join me if he could do no better—he had about made a failure up to this time on his San Juan claim and also on another one high up in the mountains—so he came over to me and we worked on my grub claims all that summer (1854), and when winter again approached I went back to my Sebastopol claims. I never saw him after this, but heard from others that two or three years after this he married a widow with two or three children; not long after his marriage he went out with a party on a hunting and fishing expedition on the Truckee River, and not far from the Cannibal Camps where he and I had camped while we were hunting for those secret “dead wood” mines, he was found by his companions on their return to the camp, dead, his body pierced with arrows. Poor fellow! this was a sad fate for so good a man.

When I arrived at my Sebastopol mine I found things booming; the miners were making preparations to work extensively, the water ditch was making good headway and everybody was happy and eager; many of the miners were working on the ditch taking their pay in water scrip. My new partners were rather short in funds, though rich in expectations. It was generally conceded that we had a good claim when we could get water. I was well known in French Corral and although at this time pretty much out of funds, my credit was good and we did not worry about getting grub. I subsequently learned that one of my partners that was feeding on my credit had some \$2000 deposited in Adams Bank in San Francisco. This sum of money I learned of only when it was wiped out by the failure of the bank which occurred soon after we got on our feet. I told him I was not sorry but rather glad of his misfortune, and reminded him of his pleading no funds and letting my credit feed him.

We stayed close by our claim until the water came in and then we set to work with water at one dollar an inch. It was not long before we had lots of funds, and our claim proved to be the best on the hill. The little town of Sebastopol was close by the diggings. It was composed of three houses at that time, and never grew much beyond that. The Crimean War was then in progress, and as two Englishmen—brothers—who had put up a small saw mill in the settlement, were eternally talking Sebastopol, we miners gave that name to the place. Our claim came to be known as McKeeby's Diggings, but we called it the Gold Bluff Company. In a Mining Company there is always one man who takes the lead and is looked up to by the others; in this case that man appeared to be myself, and the others never disputed my lead.

When the water ditch got in good running order the price of water was reduced to fifty cents an inch. This was about the spring of 1855. In opening our claim we cut down into the soft granite rim rock about twenty feet, put in a two foot flume or sluice and with canvas hose, and about sixty foot pressure we piped into the bank drawing our gravel and water through this flume over the riffles and down the sluiceway which was built on a very steep hillside. We cleaned this sluiceway up once a week at the head and once a month the whole way. We used to sit up nights to make canvas hose. It occurred to me that hose made of rubber would be cheaper and better in the long run, so I instructed our grocer, Sam Caswell, to write to San Francisco for some fire hose such as I remembered seeing in New York when a boy, and sure enough he got it for us, and miners came from Red Dog and other places to see the working of our rubber hose and the operation of our grizzly.

The grizzly was composed of six or eight two-inch iron bars ten feet long, placed at the end of the two feet flume coming out of the cut; these bars were placed three inches apart and rested on a strong frame with sufficient incline to carry the larger rocks off of the bars and drop them down a very steep canyon, letting the dirt and smaller rocks drop through the bars into the head of the main sluice which ran along the hillside and until it came back into the steep canyon lower down the hill, and then emptied into the river. From the peculiar situation of our mining claim this was possible and this apparatus which was of my own invention, worked to perfection and added much to the successful working of our property.

About this time an incident occurred the remembrance of which has ever been like a horrible nightmare to me. It was necessary at all times when the sluices were running to have a man in this cut who would with his shovel help the water carry down to the grizzly the very large rocks that stopped in the sluice way; one day when the mud and dirt were coming fast, one of my partners who was attending to this duty, got into the sluice above a small dam that had been placed in the cut to keep back the rush of earth which was liable to come down when the banks caved in and fell into the soft mush of dirt which was taking place at that time. He was very busy keeping the sluice way clear; the rush of earth gained on him and when he tried to get out of the flume finding that his feet were fastened by the weight of earth that had collected about his feet and legs, he called for help. We rushed to his assistance, but by this time the gravel and earth had got into his high top boots and he was buried to the waist, so that we were unable to lift him out although we pulled upon him at once, while the

slush and mud continued to come down the cut in a moving mass, until it got up to his arm pits. We had turned off the water, but the banks kept caving in and with the moving mass was a large stump. Slowly it approached the unfortunate man who realized as well as we that unless we could stop the progress of this avalanche of earth, this stump would surely tear his head from his body, and at the same time would carry his rescuers down the canyon with it. He begged us to leave him and save ourselves. Our only hope was to stop this mass of earth which we finally accomplished by getting braces against this stump which when stopped formed a dam not more than ten feet from our friend; then we dug him out; it took us hours to do so, fearing every moment that a cave in the bank would again start the whole mass. Fortunately we got him out but he was more dead than alive; the poor fellow was so frightened that he declared he would never mine another day, and he did not.

I sent to Railroad Hill for one of my partners, a man named Clark McCoy, whom I liked very much, and induced him to buy the interest of this man. This was accomplished, I signing McCoy's note for two thousand. Just before this occurrence, one of my then partners, a man by the name of Charmicheal, sold his one-fourth interest in our claims to a young man by the name of William H. Sears—a bright young man who had come to this State as a sailor boy, and like all sailors in those early days, went to the river to mine. He soon married a young widow who kept a boarding house; she was pretty and bright and also had some money. Sears did not go to work in our mine, and as the mine was paying handsomely, (but) with his wife went East, remained there about two years, took an educational course, and returned to enter the field of politics. He was elected to the Legislature, and in his second term was made Speaker of the House.

Some time prior to this, to-wit, in 1854, Henry Sweetland and myself were named as two of the eighteen county delegates to the Democratic State Convention held at Sacramento, to name a candidate for Governor and other State officers, Governor John Bigler was then in office and a candidate for re-nomination; General Denver was also a candidate and it was generally conceded that the Nevada delegation were solid for Denver. I was raised a Democrat, and knew no other party, I had voted for Franklin Pierce who was then President; I had also taken a prominent part in all Primary elections, but this was the first time I had been a member of a State Convention. "Governor" Endicott (I do not know that he had really been a Governor) who was then Sheriff of Nevada County, was the leader of our delegation. We all liked him and looked up to him as our leader. He would call a

meeting of the delegates from time to time and tell us how things were looking for the various aspirants, and others of the delegation would give expression of their views of the situation, all of which seemed fair, and I was a good listener.

When we had our last meeting before going into the Convention to lay our plans about voting and for whom we would vote, we were all on hand. The meeting was in Endicott's room in the Golden Eagle Hotel. I can see that little 12x12 room now. I had taken my position at the foot of the bed away from the entrance; Endicott, Mr. Walsh, Sweetland, and others of our leaders were around the door and on and around the bed.

Gov. Endicott opened the meeting as usual and suggested among other things that Nevada delegation cast its eighteen votes for Judge Walsh for Governor. This gentleman as one of our delegates was present at the time. No one said anything but all looked at each other as much as to say, what do you think about it. As for me I had no particular preference so long as we got the man who was the real choice of the Party, expressed by the delegates to the Convention, so I rose and said that this proposition seemed to me to be very unfair to the delegation especially so as it was made in the presence of the party proposed; that personally it would give me great pleasure to vote for Mr. Walsh if there was any chance of his being nominated; that I did not know until that moment that he was a candidate, my understanding being that Governor Bigler and General Denver were the only candidates before the Convention for the nomination for Governor, and that the one who had the majority of votes should receive the nomination. That it looked to me as if Governor Bigler was the strongest man before the Convention and before the people; that this resolution was not with a hope to make Mr. Walsh a candidate, but with the intent to throw the vote of this delegation away for the benefit of some other candidate. This, I declared, was unfair to Mr. Walsh and the delegation, etc. By the time I had finished my remarks, of which the majority of those present expressed their approval, Governor Endicott and the rest of the southern wing of our company had slipped out of the room one by one and left the building and that was the last we saw of them. The remaining members, however, shook me by the hand and said "Good for you." Especially rejoiced was Charlie Kent, one of the strong party men in Nevada City. The meeting was then continued, I being made chairman. We decided that as these members had virtually withdrawn from the delegation that we had full authority to cast the whole vote and determined that the eighteen votes of Nevada County should be for John Bigler. So when the Convention was organized and our

county was called to vote for Governor, I arose and announced that Nevada County gave eighteen votes for John Bigler. At this announcement cheer after cheer was given and at the close of the roll call it was found that he had received a majority of all the votes and was declared the nominee for Governor.

During this visit to Sacramento as a delegate, I got quite an insight into the Northern and Southern wings of the Democratic Party in this State. Many of the leaders of the Northern Division sought me,—among them, David Broderick, the head of that faction, sent me a special message to call upon him. I did so and spent a pleasant half hour with him. Wm. M. Gwin, then United States Senator, was the leader of the Southern Wing. About this time the Know Nothing Party was quite popular, and upon the nomination of Bigler for Governor the southern wing went over to the Know Nothing Party; J. Neely Johnson was elected Governor and Bigler was defeated. Henry Sweetland and myself had some warm discussions over the position his wing of the party had taken, but we never quarreled. We were also on opposite sides during the Rebellion, yet we and our families were always loving friends. I had no time to spare to politics; my mining operations absorbed all my time. In the winter of 1855-6 we set to work in good earnest and continued to have plenty of water from that [time] on.

My life in California up to 1856 had been a constant struggle among other men, without the benefit of home society or the comfort of home living. About the only women that came into our sight were those to be seen in the gambling places, but now there seemed to be a change; merchants and others had sent for their wives and families, and we began to have church services in the little towns that had sprung up in the mining districts. School houses were being built; school teachers were sought after and located in these houses. This meant that the miners should now put on a boiled shirt of a Sunday. If a church was to be built he must join the dancing club and go to the little town with his boiled shirt on twice a week or more and help dance up enough money to build the church and, later on, contribute to the support of a preacher; it mattered not what the denomination was, he must contribute, and he did; he danced to build the church edifice, he danced to build the school house, and he danced all around the school marm when she came. And I assure you those were happy days for the miners; they looked forward to those evenings when they would see and meet with the ladies that attended those social gatherings; it reminded him of home, of family, and former scenes in their far-away homes. No night was too cold, too dark, or too stormy; the miners

were there all the same, and I may say the same of the ladies, old or young. Thus it was that California, that is to say the mining portion of it, became assimilated and took its place in society.

In the course of time a school house was built in my section of this great State, in a little town called North San Juan, one mile away from my mining camp, and our young men of single blessedness in and around my vicinity lived in anxious and happy expectation of the arrival of the school marm. We all had horses and on Sunday rode out in the various little towns about, such as North San Juan, Sweetlands, Birchville and French Corral; these places were within the radius of our usual afternoon outing.

On one of these occasions I proposed that we go to French Corral as I wanted to call upon a young lady who lived there. The cavalcade consisted of three men besides myself, namely, Clark McCoy, Jim McCue, and Billy Reidshaw, all of whom I had promised to introduce to my young lady friend; the fact was that there were but very few young ladies leading single lives in all the country round, and while they are good to look at at all times, they were especially so at this particular period in our lives, and to be introduced and privileged to talk with one, was to be greatly favored. As I was a welcome visitor at the family home, which in this case was a small hotel, we rode up to the house, dismounted, hitched our horses, strode across the porch with our Spanish spurs clanking, pants in boots, single file, directly to the parlor door, as was my usual custom; when the summons came to enter, I advanced all smiles, followed by my friends. I had gotten to the middle of the room before I noticed that it was a strange young lady that met my gaze, and not the one I had expected. I was quite disconcerted at this but managed to ask if Miss Sublett was in; the strange young lady smiled and said, "Yes sir, be seated and I will call her," and she rose and passed out of the room with so much stateliness that I felt a shiver run down my back. I turned to my companions and said, "There is dignity for you." In a few moments both young ladies returned. We were duly introduced and spent a pleasant half hour. Here I met my fate, but I did not know it then. This young lady was to be our school marm and was here to look over the field of her future labors.

At this time everything was flourishing in and about my vicinity; the mines were paying; the water ditches were being extended; buildings were being erected; merchants and miners bringing their families here, and North San Juan became quite a center of business for the surrounding country. The school teacher had arrived and opened her school with a goodly number of pupils. She herself boarded at one of the hotels in the town which added considerably to the popularity of

this particular hostelry in the minds of some of the young people. Society began to take shape about this time; many of the married people were young and fond of company, and those that were not young tried to make it pleasant for the young men who were invited to all social gatherings in the families, and all, both old and young, attended the social hops; a dancing school was established and churches were built; many times the proceeds of the dance were devoted to the building expenses of the church. Balls would be gotten up in one or the other of the surrounding towns and the young folks, including the married as well as the single of the other towns, would make up parties and ride on horseback six or eight miles to attend the gathering and have a good time; occasionally a holiday or a moonlight night would be chosen for a horseback outing by the young people; and so the time was passed and so the people came to know each other in those early days.

In the meantime the school teacher was not forgotten by anybody, particularly by the young men; the fact was she had established herself in the good graces of all, and no gathering was complete without her presence. I tried my best to keep in the limelight and on good terms with the lady and all the married people were helping me. I tried my best to make her believe that I was a good, clean young man and thought more of her than I did of myself, etc.; after a time she conceded that I was a pretty good fellow, in fact, and that she liked me better than anybody else in the world, and that fixed it. I at once considered myself the most fortunate man in that neck of the woods and the happiest man in the State of California. We immediately commenced making plans for the future; to build a home was the first thing and have it finished by the time her term of school ended sometime in November or December of 1856.

A little while before this in 1856, near the close of the day my partner McCoy and myself were standing together at one of the junctures of our cut talking, each with shovel in hands, and waiting for the water to stop running, to close the day's work, when we parted, I to go down the sluice way and he to go up. It appears that he went but a few steps when he observed the bank was about to cave; he called to his brother who was at one of the pipes close to the bank and warned him of his danger; he then returned to where I had left him but a moment before, thinking, I suppose, that the dirt would not reach that far; when I looked back I could not see him and knew then that he was buried. I called to the men and went to where I had left him and could hear him moan; we dug him out in about twenty minutes and found him standing upright against the cut just where I had left him; he was hurt internally and lived but three or four hours, being uncon-

scious during this time. His brother heard his warning and escaped. This man, whose name was Austin McCoy, grieved so much over the occurrence that a few days later he put a pistol to his head and killed himself.

About this time the country around us was agitated because of a band of outlaws called "Tom Bell's Band," consisting of some half dozen or more mounted bandits who were holding up and robbing people; the miners therefore formed a posse to hunt them down, and as soon as the trail of the bandits was found, officers and citizens stationed themselves at the cross-roads where they supposed they must pass. A few miles above North San Juan was a little roadside inn kept by the Subletts, whose daughter, Miss Susie Sublett, happened at this particular time to be entertaining Miss Sampson. The men folks of the house, two in number, were out with the posse hunting for the robbers when "Tom Bell" and his gang rode up to the inn, dismounted, walked in and called for liquor. The two girls, knowing that these were the bandits, went behind the little bar and passed out all the bottles with alacrity. The men helped themselves plentifully, then thanked the young ladies, bade them goodby, and mounting their horses, rode away. The posse at this very time were but two miles down the road watching for the outlaws who were expected by another road, and the Subletts learned of "Tom Bell's" unwelcome visit only on their return to the inn at dark.

To resume after the above digression—I was favored by the fact that the saw-mill owners were about to quit business and that they had a very good cottage building finished in the rough on the main road in the village of Sebastopol, and well located not far from my diggings. This I purchased and commenced to complete the house and lay out and fence the grounds. Sometime in the month of January or February, Miss Caroline Augusta Sampson, our San Juan school teacher, left North San Juan for San Francisco, and rumor had it that she went there to prepare her trousseau, and that McKeeby was finishing up the Sebastopol house; so along about April, furniture began to arrive at Sebastopol and that settled all doubts that McKeeby and the school marm, Miss Sampson, were going to be married.

This was a break among the young men; I do not know of any other marriage in our vicinity prior to that time, and, as a matter of course, the young folks were glad and happy over the prospective event, so I thought to do my part in the gaiety of the occasion. I invited a few of my gentlemen friends to accompany me to Marysville some 35 miles away, there with me to meet the school marm and to be present at the wedding. My best man was Henry Sweetland of the town

of Sweetland and the next best man was Tom Mooney, proprietor of the Empire Ranch House situated half way on the road to Marysville; these two were my most intimate friends at this time. On the 27th of April I called at the saloon in my own town (there was but one saloon at Sebastopol) and at the three saloons at North San Juan and informed the keepers that I was to be married on the 30th of April and wanted the boys to have a good time at my expense, so they were to furnish drinks to everybody on that day and charge the bill to me.

The next morning, accompanied by my prospective mother-in-law who had been with me here some days arranging the furniture in our home, and a few of my gentlemen friends, started out in buggies for Marysville, there to meet Miss Sampson, who was to arrive the next day from San Francisco.

A few days before this I went over to Nevada City to call upon the Rev. Mr. Warren, the minister and friend that Miss Sampson desired to perform the marriage ceremony. As I had never met him or his good wife, and was somewhat inexperienced in such matters, I took one of my friends with me to introduce me and the subject matter I had on hand, which to us seemed of very grave importance; so much so, that we discussed and planned that we would call at the house and he should introduce me, confident that at the mention of my name they would at once know who I was, and the rest would be easy. We arrived at the parson's house and knocked at the door; a lady answered the summons, and there we stood, my friend and I, looking at each other for about a minute. I saw at once that my friend had fallen down on our program, so I asked if this was Mrs. Warren; she nodded assent. I then told her that my name was McKeeby, that this was my friend, and that I wanted to see Mr. Warren. In no time she rushed through the house screaming "Oh Mr. Warren, here is Mr. McKeeby!" In a moment the Reverend Doctor appeared and seizing me by both hands, rushed me and my friend into the parlor; then he and the children got around me and all talked at once, while amidst the talk and answering of questions, I managed to make my business known. This was nothing new to Mr. and Mrs. Warren, for they knew all about it except as to the time and place, and even as to that they knew about as much as I did for they were very dear friends of my wife from the time she arrived in California to the time they passed away. I only recite this to show how much in love I was, and how silly one can be when in that condition of mind.

I passed a very pleasant hour with these always dear friends and then my friend and I went over to the Court House to call on Mr. Sam Boring, the then Sheriff of the County and who was then engaged to

Susie Sublett. While visiting with Boring, Judge Niles Searles came in; he was then the District Judge of Nevada County and subsequently Chief Justice of California; he was a great friend and admirer of my Miss Sampson and her dear good mother. The Judge knew me by sight only and knew that I was from Sebastopol, but had evidently forgotten my name, so he commenced asking me about Sebastopol, and especially if I knew a man there by the name of McKeeby. I said, "Oh, yes, I know him pretty well." Then the Judge got interested, and I was entertaining him with a description of McKeeby, when my friend the Sheriff saw that I was leading the Judge astray as to my identity and good-naturedly interposed by saying, "Look here, Judge, this is McKeeby with whom you are talking." Then the laugh came, and the Judge and I were ever after the best of friends.

We arrived at Marysville and engaged rooms for our party at the Merchants Hotel which at that time was the best in the city. My next step was to provide myself with the clothes suitable for the important occasion, then to bed to dream of the morrow. At that time a steamboat from Sacramento made daily trips to Marysville, where the landing was almost in front of the hotel, so the next morning found me very much interested about the safe arrival of that steamboat. My companions insisted that I was down on that wharf at sunrise and remained there until the arrival of the steamer at four p. m. I took that story all good naturedly, promising to get even with them later. When the boat finally did pull into the wharf, I confess that with great joy I escorted Miss Sampson to the hotel. The Rev. J. F. Warren arrived from Nevada City on the stage and we passed a pleasant evening in the hotel parlors. One of my San Juan friends, by the name of Boucher, who was a member of the Marysville Glee Club, got the Club together and serenaded my party at the hotel during the evening and then later joined us as our guests.

In the morning we all had an early breakfast at which we read the announcement of our marriage. (This was some of my friend Sweetland's work.) We then went from the dining-room into the parlor where the Rev. J. F. Warren performed the marriage ceremony. Meanwhile the stage driver at the foot of the stairway was yelling "All aboard!" Among the passengers booked by stage was the Rev. Warren.

Amid congratulations, goodbys and God's blessings we started off, with the understanding that we would all meet at the Empire Ranch House for dinner, on our way to our own home at Sebastopol. Driving in our own buggies, at noon we overtook the stage at the Empire Ranch House, which was about half way to our home. We were there surprised to find that the proprietor, Tom Mooney, had prepared an elabo-

rate dinner in our honor. Here also we parted with the Rev. Mr. Warren, our good and lasting friend, and in bidding him goodbye I said to him, "It was very good of you to come forty miles to perform the marriage ceremony for Miss Sampson. She informs me that you had promised her that when she got married you would perform the ceremony for nothing and she has taken you at your word, but here is a little package wrapped up in this paper that we wish you would give to your good wife with our love," and I handed him the package containing five double eagles. He promised obedience to our request and we parted. After partaking of our bounteous dinner we climbed into our buggies and drove the balance of our way home, arriving there about sundown. As we drove through French Corral, Birchville, and Sweetlands, the people were on their porches and at their windows waving a welcome to us.

At our own home we found Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears in possession, with an elaborate dinner spread upon the tables and the cooks and waiters from the two hotels at San Juan in attendance. They had prepared even the wedding cake, etc., although we had provided that and the wine ourselves at Marysville and had them stored underneath the seats of our buggies. This welcome was indeed a surprise. This same day there had been a minstrel show at North San Juan, so the many friends we had in that little town, a mile away, wishing to join in the happy event, hired this band of musicians to come down after their evening performance and marched down the street with them in a body to our house, where we were honored with a serenade that continued until long past midnight. . . .

---

If I have not done so heretofore I will here describe our mode of cleaning up our sluices in those days. When we first commenced to sluice in wooden sluices, we placed strips of boards lengthwise in the bottom of the sluice, leaving a space of about one inch between the strips, and from time to time we would go along and scatter quicksilver in the sluices as the water and dirt passed through. This quicksilver would lodge in the spaces between the strips of board where the gold had settled because of its gravity, the quicksilver would adhere to the particles of gold and form an amalgam and thus hold the gold. In cleaning up our flume the whole string would probably occupy half a day; this we did every month and cleaned up the head of the flume every week. In these diggings that I am now writing about we substituted blocks of wood, because the strips of boards wore out too rapidly. To obtain these blocks we would cut down a pine tree about the proper size, and with a cross-cut saw make blocks three inches thick, lay them in the

sluice and fasten them by wedges to keep them in place. The cleaning up process required from two to three men with pick, shovel and broom. The water would be turned off, a small stream of clear water left running through the sluices; one man would lift the blocks with his pick or shovel, another would lift the blocks and lay them outside the sluice boxes, the third man with his broom would sweep the amalgam down the sluices, then gather it up and place it in a pan, and so continue to the end of the flume or sluice. Following these three men were two others who replaced the blocks in the sluices, and so left all in readiness for next morning's operations. The amalgam was then placed in an iron retort, placed in the blacksmith's forge and heated until the quicksilver evaporated; this was caught in a pan of water ready to be again used; the gold taken from the retort sufficiently melted to adhere together in shape of the retort then to be forwarded to the United States Mint to be returned in about two weeks to the owners, usually in the shape of twenty dollar pieces.

In cleaning up the head of the sluice only, we would expect at least \$1500 or \$2000. In cleaning the whole sluice we would expect to obtain from \$3000 to \$5000, and this was about what our workings were then realizing. It took about one-third of this yield to pay for water; about one-third for labor and other expenses, and the remaining third we divided by four. The wages of a miner were four dollars per day, but our company paid five, thereby securing the pick of men to be had among miners. I made it a rule that each one of our regular men should have a plain gold ring and wear it on all occasions. To this end I gave each man one half ounce of amalgam, equal to eight dollars, which he took to a jeweler who made half of it into a plain gold ring weighing a quarter of an ounce, keeping the other half for his work.

On one occasion only did I find one of our men dishonest. I hired two men, both strangers, and sent them down with one of our old employees to help clean up the river flume. This was a two or three days' job. One of the men was an elderly man; on the second day the other of the new men caught the elderly man in the act of stealing about three ounces of amalgam. This act was looked upon among miners in those days as deserving of hanging. We marched the old fellow up to North San Juan and gave him in charge of the Deputy Sheriff who locked him up in an upstairs room of one of the hotels. This was in the forenoon. When, in the afternoon, the Deputy went to bring him down to appear before the Justice of the Peace, he was not there. The old fellow had gotten out of the window, jumped to the ground and made good his escape. I was not sorry; he was an old man and I have no doubt a bad one. I smiled over the event, asked the crowd

to go into the saloon and smile with me and then went off to my work. . . .

### A TRIP TO THE SOUTH

In the spring of 1863 [1862] one of our men by the name of Ely Tryon, my oldest and best man and the one I intrusted with a rifle in my river controversy, took it into his head to go with some parties down on the Colorado River where they had got rich quartz mines. We were to be partners in his claims and operations, he to give his time and I to pay his expenses. My other partners entered into the same arrangements with the other parties who accompanied him. We received frequent letters from these men describing the claims they had located for us and the richness they displayed, indicating that we would all be fabulously rich in a short time through their exertions. They forwarded to me some specimens of rock and requested me to have them assayed; this I did, and to our surprise the specimens, from what they called the Techatacup mine in Eldorado Canyon yielded some \$2200.00 to the ton.

With this showing two of my partners and myself started for the Canyon, taking the stage to Marysville, then steamer to Sacramento, and thence by steamer to San Francisco, leaving Sacramento in the evening. I occupied the upper berth in a stateroom; I do not know who occupied the lower berth, but I do know that the slats in my berth somehow slipped out and down I went, with my feet in the air, on top of the person sleeping peacefully below me. Immediately there came a muffled roar and a scramble under my mattress and I landed in the cabin door while a big red-faced man with tousled hair and flaming eyes, amid slats, mattresses and pillows, landed in the middle of the floor of the stateroom. At first he thought the steamer was wrecked, then looked around and saw me standing in the doorway. When I saw that he was not hurt I broke out in a loud laugh, at the same time endeavoring apologetically to explain while he commenced to scold. By that time the officers of the boat came pell-mell to see what the row was about. After satisfying themselves that no harm was done except to the feelings of my cabin companion, they fixed up my berth, and my exasperated friend and I crawled timidly back to bed.

All went well without any further mishaps. At San Francisco we took passage on the steamer "Senator" for San Pedro, some five hundred miles down the coast. We had a very pleasant voyage, the ocean being smooth all the way. There were besides us three, some four other passengers. On arrival outside of the Bay of San Pedro, our ship anchored and a small tug boat came out and took us to Wilmington.

In entering the harbor our tug struck bottom. Landing at Wilmington, we took stage for Los Angeles where we found Nat Lewis, one of our Eldorado partners, awaiting our coming. We put up at the Saint Charles Hotel, situated on Main Street, just north of the junction of Spring and Main Streets.

We remained in this city for three or four days waiting for Nat Lewis to fit up a four-mule thorough brace, eleven passenger coach; in the meantime Lewis introduced us to quite a number of persons, among others to William Workman and his brother, as owners in our Techatacup mines. They were conducting a harness shop situated on Main Street, I think somewhere north of Temple Street. Lewis took us also to the roundhouse located on Main Street south of the business part of the city, and at that time a sort of a beer garden, celebrated for having a cabbage tree several years old on which were numerous heads of cabbages growing. I was introduced to a doctor whose name I have forgotten, a prominent Mason. I went with him to the Masonic Hall and registered. I was then Master of my home Lodge at North San Juan. The Doctor introduced me to many of the prominent people of Los Angeles; also took me in his buggy all over the city and its suburbs.

Among other places we went to the Wolfskill Ranch where we visited for about an hour with Mr. Wolfskill and his family, and while the wine was passed I listened to a dissertation on the growing of oranges. I remember that the grounds about the old adobe house was well cultivated and the orange trees looked thrifty and large. These were the first that I had ever seen and I took some of them with me as souvenirs.

About all of the city of Los Angeles at this time (1862) was north of Temple Street, the City Hall and jail, built of adobe, being just south of Temple Street. I remember it well from this incident—I was standing on Main Street just south of the Saint Charles Hotel when two Spaniards came galloping by on horseback; one seemed to be an officer and had his hand on the bridle of the other's horse. The bystanders followed them, I among them; when they arrived at the front of the City Hall the horses suddenly stopped and the man who held the other's horse by the bridle quickly drew a big navy revolver and struck the other on the side of the head with it, felling him from his horse, and touching the ground about the same time he seized the prostrate man by the coat collar and dragged him into the calaboose. I remarked to myself: that is one way to arrest and put a man in jail.

At another time I was standing in front of the Saint Charles Hotel when I observed a very tall Indian walking alone in the middle of the street with a blanket wrapped around him. He carried a light pole or

stick about twelve feet in length which he moved from side to side in front of him thus indicating that he was blind. It seemed that this old Indian was one of the characters of the town. On this occasion there happened to be three gentlemen standing in the street in such earnest conversation that they did not notice the approach of the Indian. At just the opportune moment a mischievous young fellow, knowing the consequences of his act, stepped out from the sidewalk, gave the old Indian's blanket a hard pull, then stepped aside. The Indian, filled with rage, instantly gave his long pole a mighty sweep and caught these three unsuspecting gentlemen within the reach of his sweeping pole, much to the amusement of the onlookers of this joke.

Our Mr. Nat Lewis, having secured his mules and the eleven passenger coach, we set about laying in our supplies for the desert trip. This included many gifts for the boys at the mines who were expecting our coming. One other of the Company, a Mr. Amsberry, joined us here, and we were now five in number. With one extra mule for riding, we expected to be four weeks on the journey, and we laid in supplies to last us, and have some left for the boys at camp. We had a good supply of fire arms and ammunition besides a five-gallon keg of fire water. We bought our supplies at Child's store, particularly because one of the owners in our Company by the name of Peck, was at that time a clerk in the store.

The Techatacup mine had been duly incorporated, and other ledges had been located only while others had been prospected. As a matter of course we felt that we had rich mines, and we started out cheerfully on our trip.

On our way we stopped at Cucamonga where we took on Charlie Beard, the son of Joe and Fannie Beard, dear friends of my wife, and for whom my son had been named. Charlie was then about fourteen years old, and was on a visit to the owners of the Cucamonga Ranch, by the name of Rains (John Rains, I believe was the name) who were close friends of the Beard family. About four weeks before this Rains had been foully murdered. The story ran that on his way home on horseback from Los Angeles he was lassoed and dragged into the bushes where his body was later found. I believe that it was never certainly known who committed the deed, and the matter finally died out. Mrs. Rains was half Spanish, and I think a sister of Mrs. Gov. Downey. It was said that her husband, who like Downey was from the Southern States, despised his wife's Spanish relatives and they knew it. I promised Mrs. Rains that I would leave Charlie on our return from Eldorado Canyon, which we did. The ground about Cucamonga had been planted to grapes a year or two before this time, and

quite a vineyard was then in existence. Here we procured a large cracker box about two feet by four in size, and this I filled with grapes with my own hands, putting leaves at the bottom, then a layer of fruit, then more leaves, and so on to the top. This box and the five-gallon keg I put on the rack behind the coach, not to be disturbed until we reached camp in Eldorado Canyon.

Leaving Cucamonga we took the road through the Cajon Pass. The next settlement was on the Mojave River; here we found one settler by the name of Lane, a bachelor living alone, and the place was called Lane's Crossing of the Mojave. There was quite a stream of water at this point, and we camped here over night. Continuing our journey next day we came to a place called the Point of Rocks, where we found a rough-made habitation built close up under a cliff that jutted out from the hills into the valley which was spread out before us, covered with grass and some cottonwood trees. This was the last settlement on our journey. The owner of the primitive dwelling was a Mormon who had a large flock of sheep that were grazing on the bottom lands of the valley. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and perhaps three half grown children.

Before leaving my home I had taken the precaution to direct a dozen or more stamped envelopes to my wife at Sebastopol, promising her that I would write to her every day while absent. After leaving Los Angeles I availed myself of the use of these envelopes every spare moment I had in the morning, at noon, and at night, when I would write the events of our journey and put the slip of paper in one of these envelopes; then when we met a horseman coming from the mines or elsewhere on his way to Los Angeles, I would seal my letter and ask him to drop it in the first Post Office on his way. We met someone every day or two who would cheerfully comply with our request.

After leaving the point of rocks, we saw no camp or habitation of any kind until we arrived at Eldorado Canyon. Our way from water to water led over a very desolate desert country; the sun was very hot and the sand in places very deep. There was little or no grass among the cactus trees which grew on the higher ground and which in the distance looked at times like a great apple orchard. Occasionally we found tufts of a dry-looking grass—grandma grass, I think they call it—growing in the depressions we crossed, but it was very poor for animals. The water also was very poor except at one or two springs, where the quail were very abundant, especially at the close of day and in the early morning. The jack-rabbit and cotton tails were always plenty, too, so that our principal food was game. The only use we made of our bacon was to fry our game in. At evening we built

great camp fires by piling up immense logs of dead cactus which we found quite plentiful. On approaching Eldorado Canyon one of our party, Mr. Amsberry, rode on ahead to give the news of our arrival, and when we drove down the canyon, in front of the camps, the whole population stood in line and greeted us with cheers of welcome. The population in and around Eldorado Canyon consisted at that time of about ten or twelve persons and they were all there when we drove in. Ours, I think, was the first wagon to enter the canyon, and certainly was the first passenger coach to make the trip. There was nothing in the way of a trading post in the canyon, neither had there ever been a white female seen there up to that time.

We unloaded our traps and soon distributed the presents we had for our friends; then we opened the box of grapes and the five-gallon keg, and all were invited to partake. That evening all the boys in camp had a royal good time. We remained in the Canyon about a week, looked at all the prospects they had to show us, examined their arrester [arrastra] works, went down the canyon to the Colorado River, crossed the river and back in a small boat, listened to future predictions of what the outcome of this mining district was to be, etc., etc.

While here we met the principal character of this great-to-be mining camp, a man by the name of John Moss. He was a bright young man about twenty-five years old, medium size, light complexion. Had been in this vicinity some years and had great faith in the outcome of this mining section. He seemed to know every ledge and everybody, even the Indians, among whom, it was said, he had lived off and on. He took a fancy to me and wrote out a number of bills of sale of what he deemed valuable mining claims and insisted on giving them to me. He was a good talker, very active, and well educated; he claimed to speak the Indian language and said he was their adviser; this, I think was true, for a few years later I noticed by the papers that he took a party of Indians on to Washington and obtained an interview with the President.

The war of the rebellion was on at this time and many southern sympathizers had left this State to join the Confederacy, and Eldorado Canyon being on the route to Texas, many of them here crossed the Colorado River on their way back to join the Confederates; this accounted for the boat at the mouth of the canyon. This, as I remember it, was late in the Fall of 1862.

Having completed our visit, we prepared to return to civilization, and about this time a gentleman by the name of Levi Parsons applied to us for a passage in our coach to Los Angeles. This request we

freely granted as we had plenty of room. On our way Parsons and I discussed the War of the Rebellion which was then being vigorously contested, and I discovered that he was in sympathy with the South. Subsequently, on my return to San Francisco, I learned that Levi Parsons was a prominent man in the State and a leader in the Southern wing of the Democratic Party. I then bethought me that his mission to Eldorado Canyon was in some way connected with the Rebellion.

Now to continue my homeward trip. We had been gone over two weeks from the settlements and our food had been mostly, if not entirely of wild game, and we really had become tired of eating quail and rabbit and longed for a taste of tame meat, so on the morning of our third day from Eldorado Canyon, and within one day's travel of the Point of Rocks on our homeward journey, we started one of our party on mule back ahead, with instructions to have the man at the Point kill and have cooked for us one of his sheep, for our evening meal. On our arrival we found a whole sheep beautifully roasted, the savory odor from which we could detect as we approached the rude house. There were seven of us in the party and we ate more than half of that sheep at our evening meal; it tasted perfectly delicious and reminded us that we had arrived at the outpost of civilization. In the morning after finishing the remnants of that sheep we journeyed on our way to Los Angeles, but again sent our courier forward to "Lanes Station" to procure us more tame meat. On our arrival there that evening we were provided with fresh pork, this being all the tame meat to be had at that place, no cattle or sheep. However, the hog meat was all right and we enjoyed it hugely.

I will mention here that we stopped on our way out from the Canyon at a spring for one day to rest and clean up. I went to my valise to get some clean clothes of which I had laid in an abundant supply before starting on this trip, and lo and behold, my valise was comparatively empty; seemingly "someone had been there when I was gone"; the boys while at camp had appropriated two deringers and every bit of my clothing. I had given Old Tryon my six shooter and would have given him anything that my valise contained. I knew they had been to the bag and helped themselves to anything they wanted and I did not care, but it never occurred to me but that they would leave me a change of underclothing. As it turned out otherwise I washed my underclothing first, hung it on bushes until dry, then washed my over shirt which fortunately was woolen; while my laundry was going through the process of drying I wrote in my memorandum to my wife and did not forget to pay my respects to the boys at Eldorado Canyon for leaving me in such a predicament.

Leaving Lanes Station we next stopped at Cucamonga where we left our young charge, Charles Beard; I never saw him after this; he grew to manhood in San Francisco, and a few years after the death of his parents, he also died in that city.

Our next stopping place was a little hamlet at that time called the Monte, and composed of about twenty houses. There was a one-story tavern or hotel at which we put up. The young people of the place knowing of our arrival, as part of the owners of the Techatacup Mine which was then well known in and about Los Angeles, gathered at the little hotel and made up a dancing party in our honor and for their amusement. The girls were quite plentiful and pretty and we passed a very enjoyable evening.

The next day we drove into Los Angeles. We learned that many cattle were dying for want of grass on the ranges; in fact, there was absolutely no rain during the winter of 1862-3, and nearly all the cattle died; some of the merchants of Los Angeles packed up their goods and shipped them to San Francisco. Those merchants who were financially strong enough to carry their customers through this drouth became rich. The stockmen had erected large steam vats along the coast from San Francisco to San Diego, these establishments being called "Matanzas." Such of the sheep and cattle that were able to travel were driven to these matanzas and there slaughtered, their hides taken off and dried for shipment, the carcasses thrown into these vats and by the use of steam reduced to tallow. This was placed in barrels and boxes where it became hardened and ready to ship. By this means the cattle men were enabled to save something and also relieve the almost barren ridges for the few cattle that lived through the drouth. The great mass of the many thousand cattle that roamed the valleys and hills of this vast territory died for want of food and water. One of these "Matanzas" was located at Carpinteria in Santa Barbara County and was almost intact as late as 1870. It was one of the view places about Santa Barbara. The story runs that a "young bud" from Boston on a visit to Santa Barbara took in this show place in company with her escort, and on her return described the matanza as a place where cattle were driven to during the dry season and the tallow squeezed out of them, after which process they were turned out on the hills to graze.

I will say here that at this writing (January, 1909), I learn that Eldorado Canyon is quite a mining center; that the Techatacup Mine is now and has been for some years past a valuable property; that there are many valuable ledges in and about that vicinity; that Searchlight is one of the valuable mining localities not far from Eldorado

Canyon. All this seems strange to me now, and goes to show the advance in mining research and industry since my time.

From Los Angeles we took the Overland Stage to San Francisco. The conveyances, which carried the mail and ran night and day, were seven-passenger thoroughbrace Concord coaches and were drawn by four horses. Bidding goodby to our friends, particularly Wm. Workman and his brother, we started on again, passing through Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Salinas and so on into San Francisco. I remember that at the last station before arriving at the last-named city they put on six horses and with these we drove into the city and up to the hotel with the horses on the dead run. I think we were five days on the journey, riding night and day, and changing horses every twelve or fifteen miles. For the first two days we suffered for want of sleep, but after that we slept quite comfortably both night and day while sitting upright in our seats.

While we were stopping in San Francisco, which was but a day or two, I was offered by a jeweler friend a three hundred dollar chronometer gold watch for six shares of my Techatacup stock. This, at the time, I declined, but a few weeks later accepted and have ever since carried and used this time piece. After paying numerous assessments on this mine I was finally sold out and this chronometer is the only evidence I have of some three thousand dollars expended in this mining venture.

## HISTORIC MOUNT SAINT HELENA

Mount Saint Helena holds an unique place in the traditional and legendary lore of the aborigines, and in the historical and scientific records and the local annals of the white man, who has come to occupy the land. The whole mass of known matter relating to this celebrated mountain should compose a brochure at once intensely interesting and valuable.

In the book review section of the January number of this publication, the reviewer of "History of the Mission, Presidio, and Pueblo of Sonoma" invites by gentle implication, the authors of the book to present their authority for certain parts of its contents. A number of other earnest critics have communicated on the same question directly with this writer, who, of the joint authors, is chiefly responsible for the work. An invitation to contribute to the pages of the *Quarterly* was accepted as a welcome opportunity for preserving the facts supporting the stories in question. As most of the desired matter has to do with the Russian occupation, I have begun by introducing Mount Saint Helena, the detailed account of whose naming constitutes one of the chapters about which curiosity has been expressed.

The aboriginal Indians knew the lone mountain that dominates the southern reaches of the Coast Range as Maacmas, or Mayacmas. We have, handed down to us in the Sonoma region, stories to the effect that pioneer representatives of each of the three races of white men that, in turn, settled here, gave a name to the striking elevation that rises into the blue to twice the height of the mother range running northwest and southeast as far as the eye can see. The startling, almost incredible part is, that the name Helena was bestowed at each christening, and that neither party knew if that or any other name had already been given.

The earliest of these three tales gives us a Spanish friar as Mount Saint Helena's sponsor. Accompanied by some Indian neophytes, the padre was journeying northward from the Mission San Rafael Arcángel beyond the valley of the Petalumas toward the Llano de Santa Rosa, seeking the best site for another mission. The time was the early 30's. As the padre arrived in sight of the lofty bulk alone in the center of the far horizon, his attention was held by the peculiar shape of the mountain, which is not unlike a butte, being builded of masses merged into one nearly oblong block, each mass having its own peak, and retaining something of its own form.

The good Franciscan was a European, and had seen some travel

at home before coming to the beautiful wilderness of Alta California. After a few moments of fixed observation, there flashed to his mind a recollection of a tomb in an old abbey in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rheims, and he pointed to the distant mountain and exclaimed: "Behold Saint Helena on her bier! It is her effigy, even to the pall!"

The close resemblance of the mountain to the recumbent figure of a woman draped with graceful folds of soft, heavy cloth has long been remarked. This resemblance is presented from any point of observation between San Rafael and Fort Ross, from the inland valleys and the highlands.

Six peaks nearly alike in size, height, and rounded summit, make up the top of Mount Saint Helena. Of these six peaks, the north and northeast peaks are half domes, and why this is so has to do with the extraordinary story of the geological formation of the whole mountain. The northeast half dome and the west peak are so placed as not to appear in the profile of the mountain excepting slightly when viewed from a certain point of vantage covering a small scope. Three of the remaining four peaks lie in line from north to south, and the last of the six, though being a little to the east, lies in the same line, in the profile.

Beginning with a level jut that projects half way up the northern side of the north peak, we have a perfect representation of one end of the bier. From the end of this jut the slope sweeps in a natural semblance of drapery to the range below. The north peak, which is smaller and slightly higher than the other five peaks, rises from the bier as the covered head of Saint Helena. The head is lying sidewise, turned away toward the east, as if looking for the dawn of the resurrection morn, and it is the shapely crown, right temple, and cheek that we see. The second peak, rising from the crease at the throat, is the identical shape of a woman's body from neck to waist. The third peak indicates the folded hands resting in a fold of the pall, against the updrawn knees, perfectly portrayed by the fourth, south, peak. From the knees, the lines sweep with admirable grace and entire naturalness down to the ankles and upturned feet, the latter represented by a low rise. The presence of the bier is shown only in the jut supporting the head of the figure.

The pall is a most expressive feature of the picture. It lies smoothly over the low, wide arcs of the peaks, flows softly from the curves of cheek, breast, arm, and lower limbs, folds in deeply at bier, throat, waist, and hands, and disposes itself in outstanding piles and

overlapping masses, down to the valley floor. Every acre of its area on that favored west side of the mountain which rises to a height of about 5000 feet, presents a vivid semblance of a pall arranged over the form of a gentle and venerable woman asleep in eternal peace. On the rare occasions when Mount Saint Helena is white with snow from summit to base, and the sunshine of a late afternoon in winter falls upon her, bringing out the lights and deepening the shadows, the sight is most beautiful.

Spain, since the days of Cabrillo and Bodega y Quadra, had held to her right to the whole of the far-famed land of California; and when the revolution in Mexico had established the rule of that republic in Alta California, there was no part of its fair territory but was held against any other power. It was, therefore, eminently fitting that a Spaniard living under the Mexican régime should be the first to attach a name to the most important elevation of land in the earliest settled part of the jurisdiction north of the Straits of Yulupa, the District of Sonoma.

But representatives of the great rival power that, for more than a generation, had been a threat and an annoyance, first to Spain, next to Mexico, also bestowed a name on the same elevation; and, as if to emphasize their boldness, chose that of their royal mistress, consort of their imperial master.

It was in June of the year 1841 that Count Alexander Rotcheff, governor-general of Siberia and the Russian colonies in Alaska and California, headed a party from Fort Ross, ascended the mountain already christened Saint Helena, and with much ceremony, gave the same name in honor of Helena, Empress of Russia.

Hardly had the Russian colonists abandoned their settlements in the Bodega and Fort Ross regions and gone back to their cold northern locations than, for the third time, Mount Saint Helena was confirmed in her name. It was a Yankee, type and blood of the race destined to dominate on the Pacific side of the continent, that performed the service.

This hardy Yankee individual was none other than Captain Stephen Smith, noted pioneer ship-captain and trader in the days of the Dons, and first owner, by virtue of a Mexican grant, of the lion's share of the territory that the Russians had occupied during their stay in California.

The great, grassy Bodega coast hills rise like young mountains, straight up from the seashore, and stand between Bodega bay and the mainland spot where that first white man to make a habitation between the Straits of Yulupa (or the Golden Gate, as Frémont renamed the

channel) and Alaska, Alexander Kuskoff, first Russian governor, established his primitive capital. But there are fair and cunning gaps leading the traveler along lower ways, between these towering, fertile hills; and through these gaps ran the foot trails of the wild Indians, the sled roads of the Russians, the horse and ox-cart roads of the Spaniards, Mexicans, and finally of the ultimate conquerors, *los Americanos*. Through the same historic gaps run today the highways of trade and pleasure, traversed by motor cars from a thousand miles away.

Looking eastward from the summit of a gap as he journeyed from his port on Bodega bay to his new hearthstone at Kuskoff, Captain Smith beheld afar on the rim of the eastern horizon, through another gap miles distant, a noble, somber mountain standing, a lone sentinel of the vast, primeval empire behind and beyond it.

There was little of the romantic in Stephen Smith, tough, sturdy old master of men and of the sea. He had a sailing vessel down at yonder landing that had come to him from Russian ownership. On the bows was borne its name, "Saint Helena." It occurred to him that that was a fine-sounding name, and he proceeded to bestow it on the mountain that seemed an outpost between the wide interior of the continent and his far Pacific home. Thus far his sentimentality showed itself then. It came to the surface again later when the sponsor ship became useless with age. He caused the board bearing the name of the vessel to be detached and brought to his rancho, now known not as Kuskoff but as Smith's Ranch, and it was nailed upon the stout cross-brace above the large gate leading into the enclosure where stood some of the ranch buildings. From that circumstance the enclosure, long since cleared of buildings and developed as a hay and potato field, has been known even to this day as "the Saint Helena field."

Now to introduce my authorities for the foregoing tales.

In the case of the naming of Mount Saint Helena by the Spanish friar, the story appeared, many years ago, in the *Sonoma Democrat*, published at Santa Rosa. At that time, and in fact, from 1860 to 1897, this important newspaper was in the hands of the late Robert A. Thompson and his brother, Thomas L. Thompson, also deceased. The Thompsons were well and widely known, as newspaper men, holders of various public offices, and socially. Robert A. Thompson wrote and published the first history of Sonoma county. This was in 1877, and it was inserted in the first atlas of the county, which was issued by Thomas L. Thompson. The excellently written and almost wholly authentic and accurate county history of Robert A. Thompson is still, and always must be, one of the most reliable source books on

the early history of this part of the state. Mr. Thompson and his brother knew practically all of the original pioneers in Sonoma county, and very many others beyond its borders, and being earnestly interested in the early history of the state, became authorities on the subject.

In his history of Sonoma county, Robert A. Thompson gives Bancroft's account of the Russian party's ascent of Mount Saint Helena, which account does not contain the circumstances and details of ceremonies which I present in my recent book, nor does it give correctly the inscription on the copper plate deposited on the occasion. Also, the geological formation of the mountain is not correctly given.

A few years before Mr. Thompson's death, my family took up its residence in Santa Rosa, and the genial and charming author of the first history of Sonoma county became a frequent visitor. At that time I was hardly of an age to appreciate my opportunity; but I am sure that it was the talks and readings given at my home by Robert A. Thompson that turned my mind toward the study and preservation of the unique and remarkable history of what is now known as Sonoma county.

I recall hearing Mr. Thompson tell that, accompanied by a friend, he once ascended Mount Saint Helena on horseback, and rode all about its rock-strewn, manzanita-grown top in search of the "post" upon which Bancroft says the Russians nailed their inscribed copper plate, but failed to see any signs of a post. This quest was made about thirty years after 1841, and Mr. Thompson declared that the post should have stood safely for thirty years, especially since no stock and almost no tourists penetrated to that difficult summit. He felt greatly disappointed, and expressed a hope that some day the post would be located, and the plate duly honored. I little dreamed as I listened to his words that I should be the fortunate one to find the location, after twice climbing the steep slopes of Mount Saint Helena, and, unaided, discover, not the post, but the carved boulder of tufa, upon which the copper memorial had been nailed by Russian hands.

But it was by no miracle that I was directed in my search, though my coming upon the key to the matter seemed no less than providential. For several years I had read and researched, and interviewed old settlers, and all to no avail so far as obtaining a clue either to the existence and whereabouts of the plate, or its possible location on the mountain. Success at length came when, on a visit to the Mount Saint Helena Inn, I met and talked with the venerable pioneer, Mr. Dan. Patton, formerly of Napa. Among his collection of books, papers, mineral specimens, and curios, with which he amused himself after a long and active life, was a slim, modest little pamphlet that, he told me,

might contain some information. I sought a shady retreat and scanned that bit of an advertising manual of fifty years before, with hawk eyes. Sure enough, a paragraph told me who had an exact copy of the plate.

As soon as I returned home, I made a trip to Petaluma, and called on the possessor of the historical treasure, the late H. L. Weston, who came to Petaluma in 1853, just as the town was coming into existence. A search through his library at length brought to light the forgotten relic, and to my joy the precious thing was presented to me by the delightful octogenarian, another human volume of early history.

The Russian consul at San Francisco kindly sent me a translation of the inscription, and after a year of planning, with the aid of a marble cutter and a jeweler, I was ready with a tablet to place on the same rock upon which the original had been. In the meantime, I had gone again to the mountain, and, seeking a rock, since the finder of the plate in 1853, the late Dr. T. A. Hylton of Petaluma, had written on the reverse side of the paper copy he gave his friend, H. L. Weston, that he had found the plate "fastened to a rock on the summit of Mount Saint Helena."

To find just the identical boulder on a couple of square miles of rough surface might seem an impossible undertaking. But knowing that the Russians had held the ceremony on the north peak eliminated five-sixths of the difficulty. The highest point of the north peak is easy ground to travel, and small in extent. An age-old trail lies along its length, for the Indians used to go here to reconnoitre. Beside the trail I soon came upon a circular tufa block with crumbling little holes. Russ nails must have made them, for they made a regular octagonal sort of figure. Three smaller stones shaped to fit about one side of the round central stone were still in place.

Now, all this appearance of human handling fitted in perfectly with the story related to me by my old friend, Dan. Patton, of the details of the ceremonies in which the beautiful Princess Helena de Gagarin, wife of Governor Rotcheff, figured as the principal. Here I shall introduce another piece of evidence of authority.

One of the Russian soldiers that formed the armed escort of the party of Governor Rotcheff in 1841 was one of the care-takers left behind at Kuskoff, the first settlement, near the present little town of Bodega, when by order of the Czar, the Russian settlements on the California coast were finally abandoned. Later, this ex-soldier went to live in Napa. Here he became acquainted with the noted pioneer, ex-governor William Boggs of Indiana. The two fountains of early day history had many a long talk over their travels and experiences,

and among his stock of stories, one of the choicest told by the Russian was that of the trip from Fort Ross to the top of Mount Saint Helena in June, 1841. He related with minuteness the whole occurrence, taking particular pleasure in describing the part enacted by the Princess de Gagarin as officiating personage, and this account gave me the material for the chapter for which my authority has been desired, in "History of the Mission, Presidio, and Pueblo of Sonoma." Dan. Patton was another of William Boggs's old cronies, and was told among many other rare tales, the above from the lips of the Russian soldier. Mr. Patton passed the story on to me, not only verbally but in a lengthy, carefully written letter, with illustrations representing the scene at the boulder, the Princess standing with arm raised aloft to invoke the Holy Trinity while her hearers knelt around her. That there may exist documentary evidence of the whole affair, I hardly doubt. But such would likely be buried in some official pigeonhole or ancient collection of governmental papers, far enough from these shores.

To complete the inquiry about the naming by the Spanish friar, I remember that Mr. Thompson, on being asked, by a member of my family, in regard to it, replied that he had always understood it to have been a fact that a missionary from San Rafael Arcángel had so named the mountain because of its likeness to the effigy of Saint Helena on her bier.

In regard to my authority for the naming by Captain Stephen Smith, the pioneer residents of the Bodega country had the story from their earliest coming, and some of them were here for years before the death of the captain.

It is well that every individual who undertakes to write and publish historical matter should be sure and exact, conscientious and painstaking, that only the truth may be given to the world. That very many histories of various parts of the world contain misstatements and distortions is well known. And when such incorrect matter is read and assimilated, it can, and does, do great wrong and may do great harm. Documentary evidence may not always be obtainable, may not exist; but the free testimony of those who have lived and made history can be accepted, when known to have come down to us through veracious channels.

HONORIA TUOMEY.

## DOCUMENTARY

## THE OCCUPATION

(Continued from page 88)

[Larkin Documents IV, 193, Bancroft Library.]

[Original.]

My dear Sir

As my men have been many months without having been on shore I am anxious to give them liberty for twenty four hours if there is no particular objections to it—They will go in squads of about one hundred—They may (as you know sailors will) make some noise in the place but they will not do any harm, and will spend some 1,000 or 1500 dollars which will compensate for any annoyance they may occasion.

Be pleased to let me know by return of the Boat if there is any objections as I wish to send a party on shore in the morning—

Very respectfully

To Tho<sup>s</sup>. O Larkin Esqyour Obt. Sv<sup>t</sup>

U S. Consul

&amp;c &amp;c

Monterey.

JOHN D. SLOAT

Thursday Even<sup>g</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> July

[Id. 194. Original.]

[To Thomas O. Larkin]

Sir

Father desires me to say that he will come on shore tomorrow morning between nine and ten oclock to take a ride with you, if it is convenient to you to do so.

He also desires me to present his thanks to you for the books and the quicksilver ore.

I am very respectfully

Your Obt. Sevt.

L. W. SLOAT

Flag Ship Savannah

July 2<sup>d</sup>. 1846.

[Larkin Documents IV, 201, Bancroft Library.]

[Original.]

My dear Sir

Do you not think it would be well to have some persons you can rely upon stationed some miles out of town on the different avenues to give information of any force that may be approaching. It should not be known that they have any thing to do with us.

Towards evening I will send a boat for you to come onboard for a few minuits

Flag S. Savannah

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1846

Very respectfully

Your Ob<sup>t</sup>. Sevt &c

JOHN D. SLOAT

To

T. O. Larkin Esq<sup>r</sup>

U. S. Consul

Monterey

[Larkin's Official Correspondence I, 126, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of America  
Monterey, California, July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1846.

Sir.

Commodore John D. Sloat, Commander in Chief of the United States Naval Forces in the Pacific Ocean, has this hour (10 o'clock A. M.) hoisted the Flag of the United States, and in the name of that Nation taken possession of California, to which act he has been induced from the circumstance of the Troops of Mexico having attacked General Taylor on the Rio del Norte, thereby causing actual War between the two Countries.

From the change of Government having taken place in California, I presume you will be inclined to desist from any contemplated movements you may have against the Natives of California, and remain passive at least for the present; I would recommend you to communicate immediately with the Commodore, informing him of your situation & future intentions.

Hoping the present state of affairs may eventually prove a benefit to California, I am your most obedient servant.

William B. Ide, Esq<sup>r</sup>.

(Signed) THOMAS O. LARKIN.

in command of the  
Town of Sonoma.

[For Commodore Sloat's general order of July 7 see the log of the Flagship Savannah in this number of the *Quarterly*.]

[Larkin Documents IV, 202, Bancroft Library.]

[Original.]

Monterey July 8. 1846

Sir

Commodore John D. Sloat yesterday at seven O clock in the morning, sent to the House of Don Mariana Silva (the highest Military Commandant at the time in town) Captain Mervine of the Cyane with two or three officers, demanding the surrender of the Country. by eight Señor Silva contested the latter saying he had no orders nor anything to give up, property, soldiers, or Flag. (the Commandancia of this port has had no Flag this two months) At ten O clock the forces were landed and they hoisted the American Flag, the Custom House is now fitted up with accomodations for over one hundred men (with beds, tables, &c,) over one hundred marines with thier music paraded the town to day, to which will be added next week sixteen more musicians and soon after eighteen more making forty in the "Band" An orderly and strict guard patroll the streets, the Citizens at night are not hailed at the Barracks, only they use the watch word where people need not go after dark, for a few days the stores that sell spirits are closed. For a short time the people must use the beach as formerly the wharf being under Military use for the time.

Señor Alvarado left Santa Clara for San Juan a week ago, Señor Castro left yesterday for the same place before he heard of the Commodore, Don Joaquin de la Torre's Company of sixty men were all (out of Castro's four hundred men) who reached the other side to take Mr Ide and fifty men (34 at first) the remainder reached San Pablo, de la Torre betwen San Rafael and Sonoma heard (by his out runner) of some Americans coming on him who he immediately saw. both fired, the Captain cried out adentro, and turned round on his horse. on stopping on a small hill he found 46 of his men with him there, he called them all towards him, started in a run, brought up at Captain Richardson<sup>s</sup>, took launch and considered himself safe half a mile from the shore when they say he fired a salute or discharged his guns. The foreigners were 12 or 15 men who started back in surprise on seeing the 60 men, and ran into a stick corall to defend themselves and soon found themselves alone, the natives lost two or three men the other party none

You will hear of a thousand cruel stories, they are false, it may be true that de la Torre shot two or three American courriers after taking them and the foreigners three other courriers when on a run.

Castro and Alvarado received de la Torre at Santa Clara and are now coming to San Juan to make a new start on Mr Ide, they say

de la Torre when he saw he had only sixty men to fight the fifteen and thought more was behind him he tore off his shoulder straps in the run, two hours after he took Richardson's launch 60 or 80 English, Germans and Americans reached the landing, such are the reports of the day.

Report says on the person of a courier was found a letter from the General to his Captain de la Torre to kill all English and Americans, last week 15 men crossed over to Yerba Buena took the fort and spiked the guns, to day or tomorrow from the Pueblo Santa Cruz, Sacramento and Sonoma 300 foreigners may have mustered at the Rio San Joaquin to march on Castro, tomorrow they ought to have my courier informing them of the new state of affairs, otherwise I think Castro and party would have been destroyed in twenty days. As Castro's men left him, Ide's received additions. I hope the General and Commodore, will now settle affairs satisfactorily.

I Remain

Your Most Obedient Servant

Mr. Abel Stearns  
Angeles—

THOMAS O. LARKIN

[Larkin's Official Correspondence I, 128, Bancroft Library.]  
[Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of America,  
Monterey, California, July 8th, 1846.

Sir.

Mrs. General Castro has requested me to call and see her, of course I done so, I found her very uneasy respecting her husband, some people telling her he has gone off, others that he will, that he was selling the Country to Captain Montgomery, then again that the latter had him for a prisoner, if the latter, she supposed I knew, as I did not, she is satisfied he is not on board the Portsmouth; Mrs Castro believes the General will be here in a day or two, to enter into a treaty with you, she feels confident he neither intends to run out of California or show resistance to your force.

Report says Genl. Castro will be at San John's to night, all meetings or proceedings of his or others will soon be known by me, of which I shall constantly inform you. The families one by one are fast becoming calm and in fact those I have visited denied having had any fear of danger.

The Monterey Schoolmasters were paid from the State Treasury, the last was a Mexican, the one before him a subject of France who also had charge of the Printing Press: I would recommend that you appoint him school master from next Monday at 1000\$ dollars a year

or 70\$ per month, paying him from your funds; I recommend for the following very urgent reasons: First, It will be the first step towards some one in the Country taking office under you, you will bring forward others. Second. Opening a school as the first act of your administration must be placed to your credit and honour as a thing of a primary importance to the welfare of California, shewing not only to the men of the Country, but even to the Mothers & children, that our Government seeks their welfare, and intend that even the youngest in the land shall immediately experience a benefit from the change of flags, this act will & must be of much importance in bringing affairs with us & the natives to a prompt and happy conclusion, should you feel not justified in going to this expence, can we not do it from private resources; I will myself pay one tenth of the salary.

If you will oblige me with a Boat to morrow at nine, I will pay you a visit with David Spence Esq<sup>r</sup>. & Doctor M<sup>c</sup>Kee; Mr. Spence invited D. Manuel Diaz, he prefers waiting a few days.

Commodore John D. Sloat,  
Commander in Chief of the  
United States Naval Forces,  
in the Pacific Ocean, and in  
Command of California—

I am Sir, your most obd<sup>t</sup>. serv<sup>t</sup>.  
(Signed) THOMAS O. LARKIN

\* [Id. 142. Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of America  
Monterey California July 8<sup>th</sup>. 1846.

Sir

The Commodore of the Naval Forces of the United States, being animated by the most benevolent intentions towards your person as well as all the peaceful inhabitants of California, wishes to have the pleasure of an interview with you in this Port for the purpose of amicably regulating many things which are yet pending, and for accomplishing the tranquility of the Country. You will be at perfect liberty to use your own discretion as to whether you wish to come accompanied by some of your own people, for which you have the Commodores and my own words of honor that both your person and those who accompany you, in case you do not wish to abide by our propositions, to return without further molestation, to any place you may think fit.

I am Your Obt. Sevt.

(Signed) THOMAS O LARKIN

D. Jose Castro  
Commandancia of Upper California

[Sawyer Documents 45, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

San Juan July 9<sup>th</sup>. 1846

Commandancia General of Upper California

Your Official note dated at Monterey yesterday was in my possession at One O'clock to day. Considering its contents and the reasons with which you explain your views in order to inspire confidence in me, and the other inhabitants of the Department with respect to the invasion made by the Naval Forces of the United States without other cause than the mere conjecture of considering themselves at war, it is my duty to say to you in reply that with this same date I addressed to Commodore John D. Sloat that which is proper to my honor and obligations, to which Chief you will please to refer for the result of my ultimate determination with respect to this business.

Accept the consideration of my distinguished esteem.

(Signed) JOSÉ CASTRO

To Thomas. O. Larkin  
Consul of the United  
States of the North

[For Castro's letter to Sloat see *Quarterly* II, 4, 355.]

[Sawyer Documents 46, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of  
America Monterey California July 8<sup>th</sup> 1846

Sir

Having written to our mutual Friend Don Jose, I wish to say a few words to you. Although we appear as enemies, I hope you two have known me sufficient time to believe, I would in the present as well as in other cases do all in my power for you. I believe Don Jose could with all honour to himself enter into a convention with the Commodore that would be approved of by his countrymen—

I am Sir

your most obedient servant

To

(Signed) THOMAS. O. LARKIN

Don Juan. B. Alvarado  
Ex Mission de San Juan

[*Id.* 47. Copy.]

San Juan Bautista July 9<sup>th</sup> 1846

Respected Sir

I am pleased as I ought to be, for your attention in addressing me particularly for the reasons given in your favour received. I should wish to coincide with your insinuations and I would do it if I could dispense with my obligations, but bound Militarily, under the orders of the Commandant General of the Department, I feel that I cannot make indications with regard to entering into agreement with the Commodore of the United States, On the other hand the history of your country holds in remembrance the efforts of the immortal Washington to make it independent of all foreign rule, and altho' I know myself incapable to compare with that great man, I would desire you to be the judge and decide what you would do in my case in circumstances like the present. Nevertheless I shall be on all occasions your affectionate Servant

(Signed) JUAN B. ALVARADO

To

Thomas O Larkin Esqr

U. S. Consul &c &c

[Departmental State Papers VII, pp. 72-73, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

[Letter from John D. Sloat on board the "Savannah," Monterey, July 9, to Pio Pico, Los Angeles.]

I have the honor to enclose herewith to your Ex<sup>y</sup>. copies of my summons to Genl. Castro to surrender the country etc etc under his jurisdiction to the United States forces under my command, together with a copy of my proclamation to the inhabitants of Cal<sup>a</sup>. and the general order issued to the forces under my command just previous to my landing, and I can assure your Excellency that not the least impropriety has been committed and that the business & social intercourse of the town has not been disturbed in the slightest degree.

I beg your excellency to feel assured that although I come in arms with a powerful force I come as the best friend of Cal<sup>a</sup>. and I invite your Excell<sup>y</sup> to meet me at Monterrey that I may satisfy you and the people of Cal<sup>a</sup>. of the fact.

I pledge the word and honor of an Amer<sup>n</sup>. officer that your Ex<sup>y</sup> will be received with all the respect due to your distinguished situation and that you can depart at any moment you may think proper and feel every confidence that an amer<sup>n</sup>. officer expects, when his word of honor is pledged.

I have already employed all the means in my power to stop the sacrifice of human life by the party in the North and trust I shall succeed provided there is no further opposition.

I tender your Ex<sup>s</sup>. my cordial respect and high considerations.

[For the answer, see Pio Pico's letter of July 18 from Santa Barbara, *Quarterly*, III, 1, 87.]

[Departmental State Papers VII, pp. 73-74, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

*1846. Julio 11 Los Ojitos*

*Comd<sup>te</sup>. gñal Castro á Pio Pico. Incita á oposicion*

Tengo el honor de acompañar á V. E. las comunicaciones oficiales q<sup>e</sup> recibí del comodoro de los E<sup>s</sup> U<sup>s</sup>. q<sup>e</sup>. invadió Monterrey, y las contestac<sup>s</sup>. q<sup>e</sup> le he dado, p<sup>a</sup> q<sup>e</sup>. impuesto de ellas se sirva tomar las providencias qe exige el estado en q<sup>e</sup> se halla el departam<sup>to</sup>.—Yo voy en marcha p<sup>a</sup>. ese punto, con una fuerza de 160 hombres á unirme á V. E. p<sup>a</sup> q<sup>e</sup> ambos hagamos los esfuerzos q<sup>e</sup> estén á nuestro alcance p<sup>a</sup>. salvar el pais y el decoro del gob<sup>no</sup>. Nacion<sup>l</sup>.

Aun es tiempo, E. S.; los invasores solo tienen ocupados Monterey y S<sup>n</sup>. Fr<sup>co</sup>. sin salir fuera de sus immediac<sup>s</sup>., en consecuencia espero q<sup>e</sup>. V. E. se servirá tomar las medidas q<sup>e</sup> le dicte su patriotismo p<sup>a</sup>. recojer la gente q<sup>e</sup> se pueda, pertrechos de guerra y caballada p<sup>a</sup>. que organizadas nuestras fuerzas puedan operar con ventaja sobre los enemigos.

Hecha la invasion por las fuerzas navales se han reunido en el Sacram<sup>to</sup> y Sonoma todos los emigrados americ<sup>s</sup>. y aun los establecidos en el pais, y al mando del capitan Fremont vienen por tierra, obrando segun las ordenes y instrucc<sup>s</sup>. qe reciben de la escuadra, y desgraciadamente quedan abandonado todos puentes del Norte.

La falta de tiempo y papel me impiden dar a V.E una noticia exacta de los acontecim<sup>tos</sup>, pero muy pronto tendre el gusto de hacerlo verbalmente.

[Translation.]

*July 11, 1846. Los Ojitos*

*Commandant General Castro to Pio Pico, inciting to opposition*

I have the honor to hand you herewith the official communications which I have received from the Commodore of the United States who took possession of Monterey, together with the answer which I have sent to him, in order that knowing the facts you should take the measures which are made necessary by the condition in which the Department finds itself. I am on the march with a force of 160 men to join Your Excellency in order that both of us should make what efforts

are at our command to save the country and the dignity of the national government.

There is still time, Your Excellency; the invaders have only occupied Monterey and San Francisco without sallying forth from those places, and in consequence I am in hopes that you will take the measures which your patriotism dictates to recruit what force you can, munitions of war, and horses, so that our forces being organized can operate with advantage against the enemy. The invasion by the naval forces being effected, there have come together in Sacramento and Sonoma all the American immigrants and even those established in the country, and under the command of Captain Frémont they are coming hither by land, working under the orders and instructions which they received from the squadron, and unfortunately all the points in the north are abandoned.

Lack of time and paper prevent me from giving you exact notice of events, but very shortly I shall have the pleasure of doing so verbally.

[Larkin's Official Correspondence I, 134, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of America

Monterey, California, 10 de July, at night 1846

Sir.

I send you this writing for your perusal, I do not know but you have allready in your proclamation, the same meaning, should it not be so, I would advise the publishing of it. Don Pedro Narvaiz, Captain of the Port, Captain Mariano Silva, the Military Commandant, and two or three others have returned to their families, leaving Castro at a distance this morning of 14 leagues, going South, over 50 men leaving him this morning; Narvaiz and Silva, thro' a friend have to night informed me, they shall to morrow, present themselves to you: I have sent them assurances of safety, they say some of Castro's paid soldiers will come in tomorrow, having run from him.

Yours ever

To Commodore John D. Sloat

THOMAS O. LARKIN.

[*Id.*, 135. Copy.]

[Draft of Proclamation.]

The Commander in Chief of the United States Naval Forces in the Pacific Ocean, and of the Territory of California; can have no desire to use any but honourable steps to influence the Inhabitants of this Country to join his Standard, and should his forces in collision

with the troops of General Castro capture any of the latter, they will be protected from every injury while under his charge; the people of California (many of whom have been compelled into the ranks, even whipt and tied, to urge them on) shall remain in arms from patriotic principles, their families shall in every instance be protected by those under his command whenever the occasion offers, and no one shall be injured or disrespected by reason of his relation having taken up arms: At the same time the Inhabitants must understand, that those who may live under the protection of the United States Government, that shall be found in correspondence with, aiding or assisting directly or indirectly those who are in arms against the Commander in Chief in Monterey, will make themselves liable to be sent out of the Country as prisoners, and their property confiscated.

[For Commodore Sloat's general order of July 14, see the log of the Flagship Savannah in this number of the *Quarterly*.]

[Larkin's Official Correspondence I, 137, Bancroft Library.]

[Copy.]

Consulate of the United States of America  
Monterey, California, July 16th, 1846.

Sir.

Your letters to the Commodore were received. We are all quiet here, every thing goes on as well as we could expect, Captain Mervine is Commander on shore, lives at the former Custom House, Captain Page at the Government House in the center of the Town, Purser Fontleroy, lives on shore, has charge of a Horse Company now forming, they are now in the Country on an excursion, Purser Price & Doctor Gilcrist are Alcaldes for the present, affairs here will soon be regulated, about 100 people have asked for passports to go in & out, although there is no demand or law to that effect been made, they prefer having them having been accustomed to use them. The Congress from Oahu, arrived yesterday, Com<sup>r</sup>. Stockton, Officers & Crew, all well, there is no vessel yet up, for Mazatlan, a new Schooner now at Santa Cruz, will be here in a few days & may be chartered.

I am Sir, your most

obedient servant

(Signed) THOMAS O. LARKIN

John B. Montgomery  
Commander of the U. S.  
Ship, Portsmouth, Yerba  
Buena, Sn. Francisco.

[From Mr. C. Templeton Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]

[Copy.]

U. S. Frigate Congress  
Bay of Monterey  
July 28<sup>th</sup> 1846

Sir

At the last moment I have the honor to send you a copy of an address to the people of California that you may see the general view which I have taken of my position here—and the reasons which induced Commodore Sloat to hoist the American Flag at Monterey and San Francisco

Faithfully

Your Ob<sup>t</sup> Servt

(Signed) R. F. STOCKTON

Commodore

To

The Hon<sup>l</sup>. George Bancroft  
Secretary of the Navy  
Washington.

[*Id.* Copy.]

#### ADDRESS

TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA BY  
COMMODORE ROBERT F. STOCKTON COMMANDER IN CHIEF &C

The Mexican Government and their Military Officers have without cause, for a year past been threatening the United States with hostilities.

They have recently, in pursuance of these threats, commenced hostilities, by attacking with 7000 men, a small detachment of 2,000 United States troops, by whom they were signally defeated and routed.

General Castro the commander in chief of the Military Forces of California, has violated every principle of international law, and national hospitality, by hunting and pursuing with several hundred soldiers and with wicked intent Captain Fremont of the United States Army, who came here to refresh his men (about forty in number) after a perilous journey across the Mountains, on a scientific survey.

For these repeated hostilities and outrages, military possession was ordered to be taken of Monterey and San Francisco, until redress could be obtained from the Government of Mexico.

No let or hindrance was given or intended to be given to the

civil authority of the territory or to the exercise of its accustomed functions—The Officers were invited to remain, and promised protection in the performance of their duties as Magistrates—They refused to do so, and departed leaving the people in a state of anarchy and confusion.

On assuming the Command of the Forces of the United States on the coast of California, both by sea and land I find myself in possession of the Ports of Monterey and San Francisco; with daily reports from the interior, of scenes of rapine blood and murder—Three inoffensive American residents of the country have, within a few days, been murdered in the most brutal manner; and there are no California Officers who will arrest and bring the murderers to justice although it is well known who they are, and where they are.

I must therefore, and will, as soon as I can, adopt such measures as may seem best calculated to bring these criminals to justice, and to restore peace and good order to the Territory.

In the first place however I am constrained by every principle of National honor as well as a due regard for the safety and best interests of the people of California, to put an end at once, and by force to the lawless depredations, daily committed by General Castro's men upon the persons and property of peaceable and unoffending inhabitants.

I cannot therefore confine my operations to the quiet and undisturbed possession of the defenceless ports of Monterey and San Francisco, whilst the people elsewhere are suffering from lawless violence; but will immediately march against these boasting and abusive chiefs, who have not only violated every principle of national hospitality and good faith towards Captain Fremont and his surveying party; but who unless driven out will with the aid of the hostile Indians keep this beautiful country in a constant state of revolution and blood, as well as against all others who may be found in arms or aiding or abetting General Castro.

The present General of the Forces of California is an userper—has been guilty of great offences—has impoverished and drained the country of its last dollar—and has deserted his post now when most needed.

He has deluded and deceived the inhabitants of California, and they wish his expulsion from the country. He came into power by rebellion and Force and by force he must be expelled.

Mexico appears to have been compelled from time to time to abandon California to the mercies of any wicked man who could muster one hundred men in arms. The distances from her capital are so great that she cannot, even in times of great distress send timely

aid to the inhabitants; and the lawless depredations upon their persons and property go invariably unpunished. She cannot or will not, punish or controul the chieftans who one after another have defied her power, and kept California in a constant series of revolt and misery.

The inhabitants are tired and disgusted with this constant succession of military usurpers, and this insecurity of life and property. They invoke my protection, therefore upon them I will not make war.

I require however all officers civil and Military and all other persons to remain quiet at their respective homes and stations; and to obey the orders they may receive from me, or by my authority and if they do no injury, or violence to my authority none will be done to them.

But notice is hereby given, that if any of the inhabitants of the Country, either abandon their dwellings, or do any injury to the arms of the United States or to any person within this territory: they will be treated as enemies and suffer accordingly.

No person whatever is to be troubled in consequence of any part he may heretofore have taken in the politics of the country or for having been a subject of General Castro.

And all persons who may have belonged to the Government of Mexico, but who from this day acknowledge the authority of the existing laws are to be treated in the same manner as other citizens of the United States, provided they are obedient to the laws and to the orders they shall receive from me or by my authority.

The Commander in chief does not desire to possess himself of one foot of California for any other reason, than as the only means to save from destruction the lives and property of the foreign residents, and citizens of the territory who have invoked his protection.

As soon therefore as the officers of the civil law return to their proper duties under a regularly organized Government, and give security for life liberty and property, alike to all, the forces under my command will be withdrawn and the people left to manage their own affairs in their own way.

(Signed) R. F. STOCKTON  
Commander-in-chief  
&c &c &c

## AUCTION SALES OF CALIFORNIANA

A sale of Western Americana was held in the Anderson Galleries, Dec. 3-5, 1923. This was an extensive collection of 922 lots, presumably the property of Mr. Edward Eberstadt, and a considerable portion of the material offered was Californiana. Some new records were established, to the great edification doubtless of the speculators and other interested individuals. Unfortunately some other records, heretofore religiously cherished, were demolished, but it will be the *auto de fe* of the cataloguers of future sales to carefully refrain from citing these latter disastrous figures.

An Act to Charter the City of San Francisco, S. F., 1850, brought \$850.00; Baker's Map of the Mining Regions, 1854, \$65.00; Bean, History and Directory of Nevada County, Nevada City, 1867, \$37.00; Brown and Dallison, Directory of Nevada, etc., S. F., 1856, \$42.50; Camacho, Memoria de los Ramos del Ministerio de Relaciones Interiores y Exteriores de la Republica, Mexico, 1826 (relates to the Missions of Alta California, etc.), \$40.00; Eckfeldt and Du Bois, New Varieties of Gold and Silver Coins, Phil., 1850, \$51.00; Gonzaga Vieyra, A los habitantes (broadside in Spanish decreeing the separation of California from Sonora), Toluca, 1836, \$65.00; Gonzaga Vieyra, Decreto (broadside in Spanish by the terms of which Great Britain almost secured control of California, New Mexico and Texas), Mexico, 1837, \$210.00; Field-Neagle-Terry case, Opinion of Judge Sawyer, [S. F., 1889], \$30.00; Hale and Emory, Marysville City Directory, Marysville, 1853, \$170.00; Hargraves, Australia and its Gold Fields, London, 1855, \$27.50; Higgins, Le Casa de Aguirre of Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara, 1896, \$22.50; Ibar, Muerta Politica de la Republica Mexicana, Mexico, 1829, \$215.00; Latham, Communication to the President of the U. S. in relation to the division of the State of California, Sacramento, 1860, \$27.50; Letters from California (published in the "Friend"), Honolulu, 1846, \$85.00; McVicar, Address (by the Chaplain) to the California Regiment, 1846, \$27.00; Palmer, A Voyage around Cape Horn (without cover-title and dated as ca. 1850), \$85.00. This is described as "apparently the only known copy," which properly lessens the responsibility of the cataloguer. There is a perfect copy in the Bancroft Library, and the correct imprint is Philadelphia, (William S. Young), 1863; Steele et al., Directory of Placer County, 1861, \$40.00; El Negocio de los Estranjeros en Sonora, y Documentos (relates to the filibustering expedition of Raousset-Boulbon), Mexico, 1854, \$130.00; Woodbridge, Sermon preached at the Dedication of the

First Presbyterian Church, Benicia (the first pamphlet printed in Benicia), 1851, \$25.00; Frémont Court Martial, Wash., 1848, \$40.00; Frémont's Defence, 1848, \$35.00; Frémont Court Martial, War Dept. General Orders, No. 7, Wash., 1848, \$37.50; McWhorter, Incident in the War of the United States with Mexico, [1872], \$20.00; Speeches of William M. Gwin, Wash., 1851, \$45.00; Rancho "El So-brante," Transcript on appeal, Martinez, 1906, \$37.00; Rancho "El Valle de San Jose," Transcript on appeal, S. F., 1869, \$45.00; Rancho "La Gaviota," Transcript on appeal, S. F. 1867, \$31.00; Doyle, Sutro et al., The Central Pacific Railroad debt, 1881, \$55.00; George, Our Land and Land Policy, S. F., 1871, \$67.50; The U. S. vs. Central Pacific Railroad Co., [Sacramento, 1876], \$115.00; Judah, Report upon preliminary survey, etc. of S. F. and Sacto. Railroad, S. F., 1856, \$40.00; Judah, Report on cost and construction, etc. of Central Pacific Railroad, Sacramento, 1861, \$85.00; Judah, same, Sacramento, 1863, \$65.00; Rhoads (et al.), The Struggle of the Mussel Slough Settlers for their homes, Visalia, 1880, \$105.00; Brierly, Thoughts for the crisis (Vigilance Committee), S. F., 1856, \$37.00; Carroll, Dr. Scott, The Vigilance Committee and the Church, S. F., 1856, \$42.50; Constitution of the Committee of Vigilance, [S. F., 1856], \$32.00; Lockwood, The Vigilance Committee of S. F., S. F., 1852, \$22.50; Trial of David S. Terry by the Committee of Vigilance, S. F., 1856, \$32.50; Churchill, "Little Sheaves—being Letters of Travel, S. F., 1874, \$22.50; Cole, Notes of an Overland trip, N. Y., 1871, \$17.50; Cornwall, Life sketch of Pierre B. Cornwall, S. F., 1906, \$43.00; Crawford, Scenes of Earlier Days, Petaluma, 1898, \$42.50; De Groot, Sketches of the Washoe Silver Mines, S. F., 1860, \$330.00; Deseret News, Vol. II, Great Salt Lake City, 1851-52, \$1010.00; Same, Vol. III, 1852-53, \$1005.00; Dimsdale, Vigilantes of Montana, Virginia City, M. T., 1866, \$160.00; Disturnell, Emigrants Guide to New Mexico, California, and Oregon, N. Y., 1849, \$270.00; Duganne, California and her Gold Regions, Phila., 1849, \$380.00; Edwards, California in 1837, Sacramento, 1890, \$32.00; Fry, Traveler's Guide, Cinn., 1865, \$52.50; Gleason, History of the Catholic Church in California, S. F., 1871-2, \$32.00; Gregory, Guide for California Travellers, N. Y., 1850, \$55.00; Hall, Journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company, [S. F.], Printed on board the Henry Lee, 1849, (imperfect copy), \$200.00; Harrison, Thrilling, Startling and Wonderful Narrative, Cinn., 1848, (stated to be the only known copy), \$440.00; Hawley, Early days of Santa Barbara, N. Y., 1910, \$21.50; Hunt, By Ox-team to California in 1854, [1916], \$17.50; Johnston, Experiences of a Forty-niner, Pittsburgh, 1892, \$42.50; Justensen, Two years' adventures of

a Dane in the California Gold Mines, Gloucester, 1865, \$130.00; Langworthy, Scenery of the Plains, Mountains and Mines, Ogdensburg, 1855, \$32.50; Lyman, Journal of a Voyage to California, Hartford, 1852, \$39.00; McIlvaine, Sketches of scenery and notes of personal adventure in California and Mexico, Phila., 1850, \$23.00; Mathews, Pencil Sketches of Montana, N. Y., 1868, \$770.00; Nobles, Speech relative to an Emigrant Route to California and Oregon, St. Paul, 1854, \$510.00; Norton, My life and adventures, Oakland, 1887, \$16.00; Oregon, First Constitution, Portland, 1857, \$215.00; Parsons, Life and Adventures of James Wilson Marshall, Sacramento, 1870, \$35.00; Pleasants, Twice across the Plains, 1849—1856, S. F., 1906, \$52.50; Read, Journey to the Gold Diggins, Cinn., [1849], \$25.00; Robinson, California and its Gold Regions, N. Y., 1849, \$32.50; Slater, Fruits of Mormonism, Coloma, 1851, \$55.00; Steele, The "Trans-Continental, 1870, \$85.00; Tarascon, Republican education and gradual western march, Louisville, 1836, \$875.00; Ward, Across the Plains in 1853, Seattle, [1911], \$32.50; Werth, Dissertation on the Resources and Policy of California, Benicia, 1851, \$32.50.

This sale also included many other items of interest and importance: historical MSS.; Utah and Mormonism; Early railroads; Oregon, Washington and other western states; and an unusual collection of northwestern newspapers.

---

Americana. Rare items relating to the . . . Pioneer Days in California, Oregon and other Western States, many of which are the property of Mr. H. C. Holmes of San Francisco. New York: American Art Association, Inc. Jan. 7-9, 1924. 912 lots.

Some valuable and but little known items were included in this sale. The catalogue has been carefully and thoroughly annotated and a number of these notes are of definite value to the student and collector. Lot No. 149 is volume one of the Californian, the first newspaper issued in California. This is rare to the superlative degree and correspondingly important, but its commentator must have disturbed seriously his spiritual thermometer in the preparation of the extraordinarily fervid and exotic pæan in which he has described this number in the catalogue.

Sir Francis Drake Revived, London, 1652-53, \$220.00; Castañares, Coleccion de documentos relativos al Departamento de Californias, Mexico, 1845, \$220.00; Californian, Vol. I, nos. 1 to 38, Monterey, 1846-47, \$1950.00; Garner, Letters from California, Phila., 1847, \$80.00; Constitution of the State of California, S. F., 1849, \$230.00; Keijzer, Mitchells Gids naar Californie, Te Zwolle, 1850,

\$110.00; Oszwald, *Der Deutsche in Californien*, N. Y. and St. Louis, 1853, \$27.50; Carroll, *Buchanan or Frémont!* S. F., 1856, \$32.50; Hawes, *The Missions in California*, S. F., 1856, \$170.00; Stewart, *Last of the Filibusters*, Sacramento, 1857, \$42.50; "New Almaden," the *United States vs. Andres Castillero*, S. F., 1859-61 (four volumes erroneously catalogued as a complete set, which should contain five), \$80.00; *Brief history of the Mail Service (etc.)*, of George Chorpenning [1861], \$180.00; Morris, *Address delivered before the Society of California Volunteers*, S. F., 1866, \$27.50; *Social Voices* (early California periodical), S. F., 1867-68, \$85.00; Dameron, *Autobiography and Writings*, [S. F., 1877], \$22.50; *Pacific School and Home Journal*, S. F., 1877-1886, 7 vols., \$90.00; [Kearney, Denis], *The Workingmen's Party of California*, S. F., 1878, \$60.00; Church, *Diary of a trip through Mexico and California*, Pittsfield, 1887, \$32.50; Sweeny, *Military Occupation of California*, 1849-53, 1909, \$26.00; Nott, *Across the Plains in '54*, \$26.00; Figueroa, *Manifiesto a la Republica Mejicana*, Monterey, 1835 (Printed by Zamorano, and the second book issued in California), \$850.00; Gebow, *Vocabulary of the Snake or Sho-Sho-Nay dialect*, Camp Douglas, U. T., 1864, \$180.00; Lincoln item, *Pico, A los Californios*, S. F., 1860, \$17.50; Nevada newspaper, *The Daily State Register*, Vols. I-III, Carson City, 1870-72, \$90.00; Oregon Archives, Salem, 1853, \$75.00; Oroville Mercury (53 numbers of Vols. I and II), Oroville, 1873-74, \$117.50; Overland Railroad, Wilkes, *Proposal for a National Railroad to the Pacific Ocean*, N. Y., 1847, \$260.00; Overland Railroad, *Evidence concerning projected Railways across the Sierra Nevada mountains*, Carson City, 1865, \$360.00; Plumbe, *The Settlers and Land Speculators of Sacramento* [1851], \$125.00; *Sacramento Illustrated*, Sacramento (pub. by Barber & Baker), 1855, \$85.00; S. F. Vigilance Committee, *Constitution and Address*, S. F., 1856, \$42.50; S. F. Vigilance Committee, *True and minute history*, S. F., [1856], \$48.00; [Eliot, George H.], *The Presidio of San Francisco*, [Washington, 1874], \$45.00.

The sale included also sundry MSS., and some early newspapers, besides many items of interest if not of rarity.

---

An important collection of Americana. Books, pamphlets, prints, autographs, etc. New York: The Anderson Galleries, April 2 and 3, 1924. 632 lots. This collection contained numerous items of note, but comparatively few related to the west.

[Garner, William?], *Letters from California*, Phila., 1847, (broadside), \$21.00; Ide, A. *Biographical sketch of the life of William B.*

Ide, [Claremont, N. H., 1880], \$30.00; The late Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator from California, [S. F., 1859], broadside, \$15.00; Constitution of Colorado, Denver, 1876 (First Constitution of the State), \$90.00; Frémont, Geographical Memoir upon Upper California (with large folding map), Washington, 1848, \$22.50; Milton and Cheadle, Expedition across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia, London, [1865] (privately printed and suppressed), \$280.00; Mackenna, Páginas de mi diario durante tres años de viajes, 1853-55, Santiago, 1856, \$16.00.

ROBERT E. COWAN.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**Memories of Mark Twain and Steve Gillis.** By Wm. R. Gillis. Printed by The Banner, Sonora, Calif. 96 pages, including portraits of Mark Twain, James N. Gillis, J. R. Stokes, Joe Harlowe, Wm. R. Gillis, and a picture of Mark Twain's cabin. 8°.

The world's store of Mark Twainiana has been added to by the publication of a thin, green-covered pamphlet entitled "Mark Twain and Steve Gillis." The author, W. R. (Bill) Gillis, is a brother of Steve. Because Steve and I were friends for more than forty years, an invitation has come for me to write this review.

It is notable that the members of the Gillis clan are called Jim, Steve and Bill. This is the test of he-manhood out where the West begins. If a man can be hailed by a familiar nickname, and still hold unchallenged his position in the community as a respected citizen, he is all right. So W. R. Gillis will not object if he is called Bill.

Mark's rise in the world is by Bill naively ascribed to a mix-up with the police of San Francisco in which Steve was the culprit and Mark was the faithful friend who suffered martyrdom. But in the long run the martyr, in accordance with traditional rules of poetic justice, won lasting glory.

Bill starts with a true story. Its verity has been attested by Mark, and Steve didn't deny it. Denis McCarthy, Alf Doten and Dan De Quille years ago assured me that Steve's famous fight with a waterfront hoodlum actually took place, and that the subsequent occurrences of scare and stampede were substantially as related by Bill. Steve never spoke of it to me. He was so quiet and reticent that you would never hear from him that he ever had even so much as a dispute with anybody.

Incidentally it is proper to mention that in the thin, green-covered pamphlet Mark is frequently referred to as Sam Clemens, or more commonly is called plain Sam. That is the patronizing way in which Mark's former associates try to impress on you the idea that they ran with Mark while he was still Sam Clemens. Bill knew Sam in Nevada and at Jackass Hill.

No wonder Mark was fond of Steve. Everybody loved Steve Gillis. The light of his countenance was like sunshine. He was happy, witty and companionable. He could laugh at the jokes of others as well as at his own. He was as full of cheerful fun and jollity as a schoolboy home for vacation. In his more serious moods he could play

poker all night, always strictly observing the rules and ethics of the game, and, win or lose, pour out a constant flood of jest and banter, talking like a streak all the time, without repeating or getting tiresome. No matter how crowded a poker game happened to be, if Steve wanted a hand, there was always room for him. What more could be said? Steve was slow to take offense, but if aroused was intrepid. He never looked for trouble, but he never dodged it. He had the instincts and breeding of a gentleman. He was an adept with the pistol and the foils, but not averse to the use of his fists when necessity called. He hated a hoodlum as a cavalry mule hates an Apache, and resented the bumptious insolence of the young roughnecks who, with their slanted stiff-brimmed hats, in the 'sixties and the early 'seventies, infested the byways of San Francisco, insulting the unprotected and terrorizing non-combatants. This sense of chivalry on Steve's part, unusual as it was admirable, was the cause of most of his encounters. It was his ill luck to be over-matched in a majority of cases, but when he thought he was in the right he didn't stop to consider consequences.

You couldn't help admiring Steve's loyalty. It was of the old-fashioned Western variety, and few examples are to be found in these later days. If Steve was your friend you couldn't lose him. You always knew where to find him. If he gave you his word, you didn't have to page him the next morning, or the next week, or the next year. He was always there. You could stake your life on his fidelity, no matter what the hazard. Right or wrong he would stand by a friend to the last, and the greater the odds the better he'd fight. A diamond in the rough, some might assay him, yet nobody doubted that he was a man clear through; a trifle impetuous, possibly, but Steve's generous and forgiving nature was attested by the fact that he never held a grudge against a man after licking him. If he had faults, let others record them; his friends never noticed them, or at least never mentioned them in his presence. Even admitting that he was not entirely free from flaws, the world would be better off if we had more men like Steve Gillis—printer, editor, fighter. He has gone to his reward, and this modest chaplet is laid on his grave by one who loved him.

The cement of genuine friendship held Sam Clemens and Steve Gillis. They were closer than brothers. They had bunked together in the mines, sharing with each other all that they possessed in good times and hard times—in bonanza and borrasca. They had worked side by side on the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise.

They had been chums on the Comstock Lode, and *that* is a tie which cannot be broken.

Joe Goodman is my authority for saying that Steve was the original

of "Buck Fanshaw" in Mark's sagebrush Iliad called "Roughing It." That is easy to believe, for Steve was as true as steel and as game as a pebble.

But notwithstanding all this Damon-and-Pythias stuff, Mark, being only human, finally grew weary of having to appear at police headquarters at all times of the day or night to go bail for Steve. It was enough to test the patience of a saint even less irascible than Mark. One redeeming feature was that Steve was always turned loose without trial, and his bondsman exonerated, because no hoodlum ever appeared to press the prosecution.

One night as Steve was sauntering along the embarcadero enjoying the reflection of the moonlight on the waters of the bay, and not thinking of adventure, he caught sight of a hulk of a hoodlum kicking a crippled tamale peddler from a saloon, and like an enraged panther Steve sprang to the defense of the weakling. The 200-pounder thrust out a huge paw, and clutching Steve by the collar lifted him and shook him till his heels rattled together like castanets. It would remind you of a mastiff shaking a terrier. But Steve slipped out of his coat sleeves as if they had been greased, and putting a lot of dynamite behind his 140 pounds, with a few savage punches knocked the fellow insensible. As he closed his eyes a look of painful surprise overcame the pallor of the giant's face that a moment before was livid with rage. But at that it was a merciful blow that put him out. He never knew what hit him.

Steve was arrested on the spot.

Mark was summoned and went his bail in the usual mechanical way. It was becoming a habit.

"This business may get to be serious if we don't look out," complained Mark as he rescued Steve from the police station.

"We'll cross that bridge of sorrow when we come to it," was Steve's light-hearted response.

An hour later a hasty bulletin was sent from the emergency hospital. The man was thought to be dying from the effects of a blow on the chin, and his assailant must be rearrested and held for manslaughter—possibly murder. It was a false alarm, but it threw a terrible scare into the boys, just the same.

Mark was the first to get wind of the ominous turn of affairs. He hunted up Steve who, with a cluster of cronies, was celebrating his victory in a bowling alley.

"Steve, you better vamoose," cried Mark, breaking into the merry party.

At daylight Steve lit out for Virginia City, his old stamping ground. As he was starting he called back:

"Sam, if they try to make trouble for you, don't wait; but make tracks for the cabin of my brother, Jim Gillis, at Jackass Hill, up in Tuolumne County. He'll treat you white."

Mark was soon warned that the police were looking for him. They wished to interview him about that bail bond. Besides, there was a dark hint that Mark would be accused of having taken part in the fight.

That instant Mark heeded Steve's admonition and began his flight to Jackass Hill. By anxious stages, walking at night and hiding in the daytime, he finally completed the journey. Jim Gillis was a prosperous "crevice" miner on the Mother Lode, a region which still yields, to the industrious and the knowing, "pockets" of placer gold. Jim was a gentleman of the old school, a prince of good fellows, charming in personality and manner, and known as the boss story teller in all the region of the Southern Mines. He received Mark with open arms and made him welcome to the best in the land. If ever hospitality dwelt in the hearts of men it was and is manifested most generously among the miners and mountaineers of California.

Jim not only entertained Mark as an honored guest for several weeks, but told him all his best stories. He took Mark to Angel's Camp and on his native heath gave him the story of the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," besides myriads of other yarns, which later proved rich material for Mark's writings.

Now for the deductions of Bill Gillis. From his narrative the following inferences are drawn:

- 1—Mark Twain was really only Sam Clemens at the time of the epochal fight; he was pursuing a treadmill course, in a rut and wearing out his life as a hack reporter, scarcely conscious of his gifts as a humorist.
- 2—Unless something had happened to take him out of the rut Mark would have continued his humdrum existence as merely Sam Clemens, and would have died in obscurity.
- 3—But something did happen. It was Steve Gillis' fist fight, which caused an upheaval and compelled Mark to flee to Jackass Hill for safety.
- 4—Jim Gillis welcomed Mark and told him a raft of good stories, one of which was "The Jumping Frog."
- 5—Mark wrote out the frog story and its publication laid the foundation for his fame as an author.

Therefore, according to Bill, reading between the lines, it was Steve's fight which drove *Sam Clemens* forth into the mountains where he got his inspiration for writing humorous stories, in consequence of which our country ever since has been shaken with inextinguishable laughter and the world has been enriched with the fruits of the genius of *Mark Twain*. Bill may be right. Who knows?

WELLS DRURY.

**California letters of William Gill, written in 1850 to his wife, Harriet Tarleton in Kentucky. Edited by Eva Turner Clark. New York: Privately printed, 1922. 43 pp. 4°.**

William Gill was born in Mason County, Kentucky, October 21, 1824. He was left an orphan at the age of fourteen, and was married at twenty-one. During the period of land speculation which followed the opening of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, he removed to Lexington, Missouri.

The earliest of these letters were written in Lexington, while the expedition was being outfitted for the overland journey. The start was made May 1, 1850, from Independence, Missouri, and although his letters do not indicate the route taken, it was most probably over the Oregon Trail. In a letter dated May 1, 1850, on the eve of his departure he states his intention of writing from various points along the route, but if such letters were written they failed to arrive at their destination, and the itinerary is uncertain.

The party arrived at Sacramento August 26, 1850. His letter of this date gives a brief account of the hardships of the journey. Provisions and means had given out on the Humboldt River at about 150 miles from the Sink;—"there was no flour to be had short of ten days' travel, but fortunately there were plenty of oxen along the road and we lived on them until we reached the Sink; there we found flour to sell at \$2.00 per pound; we raised means and bought enough to last across the desert. On Carson River we found plenty of almost everything to eat, brought out by the speculators—flour sold there at \$1.50 per pound, pork etc., the same; there we left our wagon and came in on pack mules."

It was his intention to try mining on Deer Creek near Coloma, but whether he went there is not known as his next letter is dated Nov. 4, 1850, and written in Grass Valley. He records exciting news of a new gold discovery in the near vicinity, and that in less than two hours more than three hundred claims were staked off. Mr. Gill by this time had apparently become disillusioned, for he writes: "I don't become excited over circumstances of this kind. I am satisfied to work for reasonable wages, and that is from one half ounce to one ounce per day. If I can make that, I am satisfied . . ." At that period the value of the ounce was about \$16.00, and according to his letter, flour was \$25.00 per hundred.

A scarcity of water in the winter of 1850 had apparently made digging unprofitable, for on Feb. 20, 1851, he wrote from Trinidad Bay, and the voyage thence on a sailing vessel had lasted for eighteen

days. Three days later he left for Salmon River and the hardships and disaster of this venture are briefly but graphically set down in a letter from Weaver, Cal., July 27, 1851. His last letter, written from the same place, is dated Nov. 30, 1851, and soon afterward he returned to Lexington, this time by way of Panama.

The indefinable lure of California still held him, for in 1853, accompanied by his family, he returned, again by the overland route. They settled at Grass Valley, where seven years were passed. In 1860, he removed to Colusa County, where he died January 20, 1862, at the early age of thirty-seven.

A diary kept by his wife Harriet Tarleton Gill, faithfully records the progress of the journey from April 6, to July 1, 1853, when they were still on the Humboldt, but the increasing difficulties and hardships of the journey interrupted the work, and the journal ends abruptly. This most estimable woman survived her husband by almost half a century, dying in Colusa so late as March 5, 1910. Both she and Mr. Gill were strong heroic souls, and typical members of that innumerable company of pioneers that wrought so valiantly and so well for the up-building of the proud young commonwealth of California.

These letters have been ably edited by a granddaughter, Eva Turner Clark, and her extensive comments and annotations are of much value. A glimpse of Mr. Gill's character is permitted in scanning the intimate lines of his few letters. His was an intrepid spirit, brave, calm, hopeful and affectionate, with much of the philosophic. The work is illustrated by a map, two facsimiles of the letters, and a portrait of Harriet Tarleton Gill. That so few of these interesting documents remain extant is regrettable, but for having drawn them out of oblivion, Mrs. Clark is to be wholly commended.

ROBERT ERNEST COWAN.

**Activities of a Lifetime.** By Joseph Amasa Munk. Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Press, 1924. 222 pp. 9 pls. 8°.

Dr. Munk's autobiography will be eagerly read by everyone interested in the history of our Southwest. He records what may be true of many other old-time Westerners, that the Beadle dime novels of the sixties gave him the "desire to explore the Western frontier." But it was not until long after his boyhood, after his service in the Civil War and his graduation from the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio, and after his marriage that he finally reached California and settled in Los Angeles. He joined his brothers in a cattle ranch enterprise in Arizona in 1884 and his visits to the Apache country so

inspired him that he determined to make a study of the history of that region, collecting, towards this end, his now famous library of Arizoniana. Another enterprise not so widely known is his Botanical Garden and Arboretum at Compton, near Los Angeles.

**The Feather River in '49 and the Fifties.** By George C. Mansfield. Oroville, Calif.: published by the Author [press of the Oroville Register], 1924. 42+8 pp. Many illustrations. 4°. Distributed by the San Francisco News Company and the Van Noys Company.

Incidents and adventures, anecdotes, episodes, miners' songs, old photographs and prints make this a valuable and entertaining "scrap-book" of the gold-days in the Feather River country. The catchy headlines of the articles and paragraphs furnish an alluring table of contents,—Bidwell's First "Strike" on the Feather—The \$10,000 "Dogtown" Nugget—Some Record "clean-ups"—'49 Prices in the Feather Diggings—A Sermon in a Gambling House—A Stage Coach Race Across the Sierras—The Birth of Oroville—The Gold Lake Stampede—Slavery in the Feather Diggings—Notorious Outlaws—Indian Troubles—James P. Beckwourth, Indian Scout and Discoverer of the Beckwourth Pass—Bedeviling the Chinese—The Fraternal Order of E. Clampus Vitus—Captain Yuba, Famous Indian of Pioneer Days—Stories of Pioneer Days in California,—etc.

Contemporary newspapers, the Butte Record, and the [Oroville] North Californian have furnished some of the material used. Pioneer narratives and unpublished reminiscences have also contributed. Especially interesting are the remarks upon the development of mining methods from gold-pan through rocker, sluice, long-tom, coffer-dam, wing-dam, Chinese pump, flume and hydraulic and arrastra, to the quartz mine and the "gold-boat" dredge of today. The "gold boat" is said to have been invented by W. P. Hammon, a Butte County nurseryman. Loose gravel can be handled by the dredger for "as low as four cents per cubic yard." But the area that can profitably be dredged is now about gone and "but two gold boats were operating in 1924 as against a fleet of forty a decade ago." Interesting also is an account of the efforts to build a railroad along the present route of the Western Pacific; efforts that began as early as 1867 and were continued by one company after another until 1910, when the canyon barriers were at last broken through.

The illustrations are well chosen. There are reproductions of early paintings—Bidwell Bar, Oroville, Chinese methods of mining, and a

contemporary portrait, apparently from a daguerreotype, of James P. Beckwourth.

Mr. Mansfield is the editor of the Oroville Register and the author of two recent histories of Butte County.

**California's Redwood Wonderland Humboldt County.** By D. L. Thornbury. San Francisco: Privately published by the Author (Sunset Press), 1923. 167 pp., 12 plates and two maps. 8°. Distributed by John Howell.

Not quite ten years have elapsed since California's northwest was made accessible by rail. During that short period well deserved interest has been focused upon that region. Thornbury's descriptive book will be useful to those who may desire to know more about the remarkable Humboldt district. Its contents set forth the features of the country,—the soil, the climate, the products, the people and something of the history. There are chapters on early discoveries, the Chinese riots, "Captain U. S. Grant," the Indians, the great forests, the geology, and an account of the "Gold Bluffs" bubble.

The versatile author makes no attempt to conceal an abundant enthusiasm for his native heath. Fogs, rain and hot weather seem equally enjoyable to Humboldters. But lengthy descriptions, guide-book style, of relatively unimportant roads and places, even though written in a most readable style, tend to become tedious.

CHARLES L. CAMP.

## MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

On Tuesday, April 22, Mr. Henry R. Wagner addressed the Society on "Drake's Voyage Around the World" with more special reference to the objects and the results of the voyage and the various texts describing the voyage and the maps illustrative of it.

The English took very little part in the conquest of the New World, and by the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards had possessed themselves of most of the territory productive of the precious metals, while the Portuguese had gained entire possession of the spice trade from the East, formerly the monopoly of the Venetians. After 1550, the English began to manifest a desire to get a share of the spice trade, evidently stimulated by the publication of Richard Eden's *Decades* in 1555 in which some remarkable stories were told about the cheapness of spices and gold in the Far East. The first attempts were made by what was known as the northeast passage, that is, north of Europe and Asia, but were entirely unsuccessful. In 1576, Sir Humphrey Gilbert published "A Discourse of a Discoverie for a new passage to Cataia" in which he advocated the northwest passage, basing his conclusions that such a passage existed on numerous extracts from ancient and modern authors, and especially on the story that Urdaneta in returning from the Philippines in 1565 had passed through the passage to Lisbon and thence to Madrid. This story was entirely untrue, but no doubt sufficed to bring on the Frobisher voyages, and in the opinion of the speaker, probably also the voyage of Drake, which in his opinion was primarily destined to the Moluccas for trade and spices. The expedition was financed largely by merchants, like all other expeditions of that age, which in all known cases were directed to the discovery of trade and not discovery *and* trade. Drake was undoubtedly provided with a commission, but hardly one to prey on Spanish commerce, as there is proof that before leaving he was obliged to give security that he would not attack vessels or property of the King of Spain or his subjects.

The speaker was of the opinion that after the piratical capture of the Portuguese ship at the Cape Verde Islands the trouble broke out between Drake and Doughty and Winter, which finally culminated in the execution of Doughty, and Drake's threat to also execute Winter, the probabilities being that Drake at this point succeeded in diverting the expedition from its previous purpose to a piratical raid on the west coast of South America to further his own objects.

It was shown that "The Famous Voyage" and later derivative texts were based upon the manuscript accounts of John Cooke and the

so-called "anonymous narrative,"—manuscripts existing in the British Museum and both published in the appendix to the 1854 edition of "The World Encompassed." Only a few facts in "The Famous Voyage" printed by Hakluyt can not be traced to these sources, with the exception of that portion of the voyage after leaving Guatulco, which is largely derived from some unknown source, very probably the account of the voyage written by Fletcher, the last part of which is lost. A manuscript of the first part of the voyage, which carries the expedition as far as the island of Mocha, exists in the British Museum in the form of a copy made in 1677. As this forms part of the basis of "The World Encompassed" it is probable that the subsequent part, now lost, also formed part of the basis for the latter part of the voyage. The accounts in both "The Famous Voyage" and "The World Encompassed" after leaving Guatulco are both evidently derived in large part from the same sources, which, following the line of reasoning just pursued, would indicate that Fletcher's manuscript was available for the last part of "The Famous Voyage," although the first part bears evidence of not having been written until after the return of Cavendish in 1588. The editor of "The World Encompassed" derived most of his facts for the first portion of the voyage from Cliffe's account, which had been published by Hakluyt in 1600. For the account of the voyage from the Straits to Guatulco the editor evidently had access to the log of Nuño da Silva, which has been published recently by Mrs. Nuttall in "New Light on Drake." At least this seems obvious from a comparison of the movements of the vessel, and especially from the fact that the errors in the log are repeated in "The World Encompassed."

For the part of the voyage relating to California, and especially for the range of the course of the vessel on that coast, two entirely distinct accounts confront each other. In John Drake's deposition and the anonymous narrative, as well as in some contemporary writers, the statement is made that the voyage extended north as far as  $46^{\circ}$  or  $48^{\circ}$ , and in one no mention is made of the vessel turning south and in the other it is stated that the vessel returned to  $44^{\circ}$ . In "The Famous Voyage," on the contrary, it is stated that the vessel only went as far north as  $42^{\circ}$  and then returned to  $38^{\circ}$ , which is changed in the 1600 account to  $43^{\circ}$  and  $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . "The World Encompassed" contains exactly the same statement, but an interpolation has been made in this narrative by which it would appear that the vessel had gone as far north as  $48^{\circ}$ .

Part of the lecture was devoted to showing on the screen maps illustrative of the geographical knowledge of the northwest coast before and after the voyage. Especial attention was directed to the Hondius

map, supposed to have been published in 1595, the Drake medal, the map which appeared in a French edition of Drake published in Paris in 1641, and another map similar to the last but probably published earlier. This last map instead of having the inscriptions in French has them in Dutch, although the heading is still in French. The French map was reproduced by Mrs. Nuttall in her "New Light on Drake" to prove that Drake had dreams of a vast colony running from the Atlantic to the Pacific, basing her argument on some boundary lines on the map which she asserted must have been put there by Drake himself because the map bears the inscription, "Seen and corrected by Drake." The speaker pointed out that the map was obviously of French origin, that the boundary lines existed on other maps, although not quite the same, and especially were to be found on a map of Ortelius of 1587, which was probably that from which the French map was copied. The only object of the map apparently was to show the route round the world, and the copy was extremely bad, many parts of the place names being omitted and various other gross errors being perpetrated. The map experts in England generally considered the map to be a seventeenth century map beyond question. The speaker discussed the possibility that the map might have been copied from the Ortelius map and the inserts at the bottom copied from the Hondius map, together with the inscriptions, as many features of the map were obviously copied from the Hondius map.

Beginning with the Molyneux globe, which was made in 1592 and followed by the Blaggrave map of 1596, the route of the voyage is shown as extending north to about  $48^{\circ}$  and back to about  $42^{\circ}$ . In almost all the maps of this period New Albion is shown at about  $46^{\circ}$  or  $48^{\circ}$ , so it is obvious that we here have another statement of the voyage which does not bring Drake back into what is now known as California. There seems to be no present method of determining which of the entirely differing statements is the correct one.

The results of the voyage, aside from bringing home a large amount of treasure and the possible stimulus to the enterprise of the English, were nil. The possession taken by Drake was without effect as it was not followed by occupation. Queen Elizabeth in her answer to the Spanish ambassador in his complaints about Drake laid down a rule of international law that possession had to be followed by occupation in order to give vital title, thus giving the negative from the start to any claim England might have had from the act of possession taken by Drake.

The speaker was of the opinion that the documents relating to Winter quoted by Mrs. Nuttall in her work were in relation to a charge

of piracy made against Winter for the capture of the Portuguese vessel at Cape Verde Islands; and the speaker also was of the opinion that some action of a similar nature was taken against Drake on his return, probably perfunctory, however, as the Queen could not very well punish Drake for piracy and still keep the money which at that time she was determined to do. Probably the unregistered silver was divided between the crew and the adventurers, and, according to Lewes Roberts, the dividend was forty-seven pounds for each pound invested.

---

"How can I get out of this city the quickest way?" demanded John Muir of the first man he met in San Francisco in April, 1868.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, so it's wild."

"Take the ferry to Oakland, cross over the hills, and you will find yourself in a wilderness of arroyos, gullies, canyons, and chaparral."

Dr. William Frederic Badè, in an address before the California Historical Society on May 20, described this as the conversation which introduced Muir to California. Muir heeded the directions. He passed through Oakland into Contra Costa County where he got his first view of Mount Diablo, penetrated the high hills of Santa Clara County, and emerging into the great central plains, as speedily as possible made his way into the Yosemite Valley.

"That was where John Muir's life work began, although at the time he didn't know it," Dr. Badè declared. "It was in the Yosemite region that he realized his heart's desire. For five years he made that his home, enduring hardships, privations, suffering from the rigors of the elements, but happy in the consciousness that he was winning the secrets of nature. He loved the giant forests, but most of all he studied the action of glaciers as it never had been studied before, and when his conclusions were announced they were accepted by the leading scientists, and stand undisputed. Then he went to Alaska, where was spread out before him a continual laboratory of living glaciers, and from his personal observations he left to the world the record of his great work in the frozen north."

Dr. Badè read from a score of unpublished letters that were written by Muir during the period of his voluntary banishment among the wilds of the Yosemite Valley—at that time a veritable wilderness.

These letters are just coming to light, Dr. Badè explained, and will be given to the world through the medium of a new volume dealing with Muir's life. There is a vein of intense feeling running through them which is most remarkable, a depth of poetic impulse and love of nature seldom exemplified in private correspondence.

"If John Muir had not proved himself a great scientist these letters would have established his fame as a poet," declared a woman who heard Dr. Badè's address.

In several letters Muir argued that his mission was not to write books. He disclaimed pretension to literary ability, apparently ignoring the fact that in the letters, in which he expressed himself so aptly, he was producing material worthy of being preserved, and which for style alone will deserve to be classed as literature of a high type.

At the end of five years he returned to Oakland to write his book, having been persuaded by friends to undertake this work. He locked himself in his room for eight months, and when the manuscript was finished came forth thin and sallow because of the unusual confinement within walls. It was a severe task and impaired his health.

Muir's constant complaint was that he never could carry food enough for an extended trip among the forests and the glaciers. When he heard that a chemist claimed to have discovered a process for supplying all kinds of food in condensed form he made a trip to San Francisco in order to test the new invention. His disappointment was intense when he became convinced that the system of producing condensed food was not yet perfected, and that for support of himself during his trips among the mountains, he would be compelled to carry his usual stock of tea and meal.

Many of Muir's letters were addressed to Mrs. Ezra Carr, who encouraged him to undertake the publication of the notes of his studies. Other letters have been gathered from widely scattered correspondents, old and young, and Dr. Badè said that these letters, covering half a century, had been deemed so remarkable and so unusual that for three generations they had been treasured by members of the families that had received them. Doubtless many had been lost or destroyed, but Muir was evidently a tireless writer of letters, in addition to writing notes of his glacial studies, and this will account for the bulky collection of letters now in the hands of Dr. Badè, Muir's biographer, and trustee of his literary papers and documents.

---

The regular luncheon of the Society took place on June 26, and upon this occasion the speaker was the Rev. George Fox, S. J., of Santa Clara University. An unusual number of members and guests were in attendance.

The subject chosen by the distinguished speaker was "Santa Clara in the past." This, the eighth of the California missions was founded on January 12, 1777, by the missionary padres, Tomás de la Peña and José Murguía. It was in a fertile valley but its location was viewed

with some distrust as there appeared to be the danger of inundation. These fears were subsequently unhappily realized. The early annals of this mission were not unlike those of all of the other kindred establishments. Raising the wretched Indian from his low state; baptizing him; instructing him in the simple and useful domestic and mechanical arts; ministering to the spiritual needs of the settlers; and watching carefully their mode of living; all these and more constituted the apostolic labors of the padres and fully occupied their time.

Several destructive fires have removed most of the traces of the early mission buildings, so their existence is mostly but in memory and tradition.

The great glory of Santa Clara has been and is its notable institution of education. The College (later the University) of Santa Clara was organized in 1851 by the Rev. J. Nobili, S. J., a learned and eminent educator who came to California expressly for that purpose. The institution was incorporated in 1855, and was empowered to confer degrees and academical honors, and to exercise all the rights and privileges of any other literary institution in the United States. Many students were graduated therefrom who later have become eminent in many walks of life. But the outstanding feature of this old institution from its earliest period has been its faculty. The attainments of many of these learned men have been known and recognized far beyond the bounds of California. The names of Accolti, Mengarini, Congiato, Carreda, Bayma, Varsi, and later Bell and Ricard, are names widely known in the realms of literature, science and philosophy.

The speaker gave also a brief account of the Dramatic section of the University in which he is especially interested and of which he is a vital part. The entire address was received with attentive appreciation.

## IN MEMORIAM

BETHUEL MERRITT NEWCOMB

(August 14, 1848 — May 20, 1924)

Bethuel Merritt Newcomb, a prominent authority on mining affairs, passed away at his home in Berkeley, California, on May 20, 1924.

Mr. Newcomb was born in Burnham, Maine, son of Jedediah and Deborah Charlotte (Shaw) Newcomb, August 14, 1848, and the death of his father early threw him on his own resources and at nineteen years of age he passed his examination to teach. After teaching a winter term at Gloucester, Maine, he was engaged for six years in the wholesale and retail grocery business. In 1878, he took a course in mineralogy, metallurgy and assaying. He was among the first to settle at Leadville, Colorado, and there engaged in assaying and mining. In 1886, Mr. Newcomb was engaged by an eastern syndicate to operate a large quicksilver mine at Oak Hill, Napa County, California.

After thirty years of active life, in 1916 he retired in order to attend to his personal business and to complete the revised edition of the genealogy of the Newcomb family which he had commenced in 1912 and which was published in 1924.

In fraternal affairs he was a Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. Besides being a member of the California Historical Society he was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and numerous other genealogical societies.

Mr. Newcomb came from old New England families, being eighth in descent from Capt. Andrew Newcomb who settled at Boston, and ninth in descent from Stephen Hopkins, a passenger on the Mayflower.

In 1871, at Belfast, Maine, he was married to Annie Sarah Harkness, who with a son, Ralph Pritchard Newcomb of Berkeley, survive him, as also his grandchildren, Dorothy, Barbara, Joy and John Merritt Newcomb.

T. W. HUBBARD.



Monterey he was to hear reports of the visit made there by Count de la Pérouse five years previously. "Several persons had known him and all united in admiring the qualities that characterized the individuals of that expedition. The observatory of Mr. Dagelet remained in the storehouse on the beach, Lamanon and the Abbot Monzes stayed several days at the mission where they made their geological examinations and botanical excursions, de Vancij had left a little sketch of much skill representing the reception given to de la Pérouse and Langle and many of their officers at the mission, and finally, we had found, as worthy tokens of that expedition and of the humanity of their leaders, a number of seeds and fruit trees, now propagated at the mission in the neighborhood, and also a little machine for grinding wheat, which Viscount de Langle had presented to the fathers of the mission."<sup>7</sup> The scientific data of their work had, as usual, been kept in reserve, and so Malaspina could make no comparison between their results and his own. From Father Matias de Lasuen, president of the mission, of whom Malaspina speaks in the highest terms as a man "truly apostolic and of rare learning and manners," many incidents of the French commanders and officers were learned; "for we were not indifferent to any information, however trivial, of the French expedition." Efforts were made to recover the cables lost off Pt. Pinos, but owing to the fog and the difficulty of anchoring near the shore on account of the rocks and surf, the launches after a few days' search, returned without them.<sup>8</sup>

"But, turning from these pleasant thoughts, we pass now to the interesting examination of our species, with the useful additions obtained from the reports offered by the missionaries. We will not tire the reader with the number and the names of the many nations that inhabit California from its southern extremity to the above named parallel of 43°. Neither will we occupy ourselves with the origin, or the foundations of their religious principles, but including all these confederations under the general name of Californias, we will examine first those characteristics which all have in common and will distinguish presently those in which each separate tribe diverges.

"We shall inquire in the first place the number of these inhabitants—although it was not easy to determine it exactly we shall not depart

---

<sup>7</sup> *Viaje alrededor del Mundo*, pp. 196-197.

<sup>8</sup> The above and following quotations of Malaspina are at the close of the chapter entitled, *Las Californias*. The entire chapter has been translated, but as the greater part is only a summary of previous explorations, to be found elsewhere, it was thought best to confine this article to the personal observations made by Malaspina at the port of Monterey, the only place in California where he disembarked. E. C. G.

much from the truth—adding to it the present population of our missions, which was indicated in Old California by the census of 1768, already cited, and the probable conjectures that have been supplied by national travelers during the different explorations made until now.

“These are the engineer, Don Miguel Costanzo, in his land expedition in 1769 from San Diego to San Francisco; the different journeys of Don Bautista de Ansa west of the Colorado river; the excursion of Lieutenant Moraga east of San Francisco; the manuscript diaries of our navigators from San Francisco to Cape Blanco; and the reports of our missionaries and others acquired by us, by which data the total population of Indians can be computed as follows:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| “Inhabitants of Old California according to the census of the year 1768.....                                                                                                                                            | 7,898  |
| Idem of those [persons] at the present time belonging to the missions recently established by the Dominican fathers and who were still nomadic at the time of registration .....                                        | 4,000  |
| Inhabitants of nations located between San Diego and San Francisco at the time of our arrival in 1769.....                                                                                                              | 15,000 |
| Idem of scattered tribes contiguous to the Yumas and west of the Colorado river, including the Danzantes, and the villages east of San Francisco, according to the reports of Commander Ansa and Lieutenant Moraga..... | 4,000  |
| Idem of the coasts near Cape Blanco.....                                                                                                                                                                                | 4,000  |
| Idem of the islands according to a careful estimate of the missionary fathers.....                                                                                                                                      | 6,000  |

“As a result of this estimate, finally, all the population of California from Cape San Lucas to Cape Blanco, was, approximately, 41,000 souls at the time of our entrance into California in the years 1769 and '70 to the subsequent passage by land between this province and the province of Sonora in 1774 and '75. The present population of our missions of New California reported at the end of the year 1790, being 7,718, without the Spaniards and other castes, called white people in America, who are allotted to the four presidios of Monterey, San Diego, San Francisco, and Santa Barbara, and the two colonies, or settlements, of San José de Guadalupe, and the Reina de los Angeles.

“It is well to mention that the above calculation is based on the positive certainty that New California has, generally speaking, a population only on the sea-shore, and that this population diminishes as it continues eastward toward the interior country; all the above mentioned travelers are united on this point, and the inland travels

of Father Francisco Garcés, from Sonora to San Gabriel, and from the vicinity of the Colorado river, northward to latitude  $36^{\circ}$ , confirm this opinion; to whose testimony can be added that of the converted neophytes of our missions; none of those questioned by us on this point mentioned the existence of nations of any size to the east, on the contrary when they wished to specify confederations hostile to each other they always located their position north to south and never to the east. Also, with reference to a great want of population inland, we should not omit to mention that not the least notion of a horse had been found on the shores at the time of our settling in New California; now, the case being that the repeated expeditions made into New Mexico during the last century, and the consequent robbery of our horses made by the neighboring Indians would surely have caused some animals of so much strength and usefulness to be transported to these regions if there had been tribes capable of waging war and acquiring them.

"Lastly, in order not to risk ourselves in the vast field of conjectures, and to confine ourselves in exposition to that which has been actually seen and at present known, it will be necessary to bear in mind that all that has previously been said, and all that follows about New California, is confined to the sea and a line that, starting from the Colorado river, goes as far as the latitude of Cape Blanco, in a direction parallel to the coast, and some 30 or 40 leagues distant from it. The country in the latitude running to the east of this line as far as New Mexico, and the interior provinces of New Spain, remains an unknown country of which we will treat in another place.

"All the modern national explorations, verified by not a few careful, but systematic, persons, agree in showing two very distinct nations; one of hunters, almost entirely without fixed habitations, extending along the coast from the port of San Francisco to Cape San Lucas, which, therefore, was called the aborigines of the country; the other settled in the islands and mainland of the channel of Santa Barbara, and given to fishing. These are industrious, sociable and as inclined to advance in civilization as the others are to avoid it or even to abhor it. From what we have learned from the voyages of General Vizcaino, and from our last voyages, or from the reports of our missionaries, there can be no doubt that this nation has emigrated from elsewhere, and it will offer certainly one of the most important subjects of investigation for the history of the human species; what we should wish to have been able to determine would be whether this is a branch of the Malays, so prone to spread from west to east,<sup>9</sup> or if they came

<sup>9</sup> See diaries of Captain Cook to the Sandwich Islands.

from the northern provinces of Asia, whence they could have migrated by the aid of navigation, as their having reached an advanced state in that art would give reason to suspect, for they use charts regularly made and well-contrived. But being able to venture only vague imperfect ideas on this matter, we will leave, therefore, its investigation to future travelers, who will take sufficient time to develop this point with the clearness it requires."

"Our interviews in Monterey with the natives in the neighboring missions of San Carlos—two interpreters who were living at the time in the mission also aided<sup>10</sup>—have supplied us with considerable data for this useful comparison. Three different tribes in perpetual enmity with each other live united at present in the mission, and in all three the same superstitions are rooted, the same costumes and adornments, an equal love of dancing, a like mode of life, an equal modesty in the women, and lastly all those qualities that are found in the southern tribes so well characterized in the history of Father Venegas. All unite in having 'that prodigious weakness and laziness,' says the writer of this history, 'so that they pass their lives in perpetual inaction and idleness, in horror of every kind of work and labor.'

"These tribes call themselves the Runsien, the Eslenes, and the Vaysh, and those continuous to Santa Clara and San Francisco, the Tmuracan, and Aspasiac. All of them are in continual war 'having aversion and hatred and being inflamed to vengeance by the slightest causes, but with, or without these, becoming peaceful after making it, and even before it has been fully settled.'"<sup>11</sup>

"Turning our attention to the Santa Barbara channel and the islands that form it, the spirit seems to gain new courage at seeing vindicated in this rude but happy colony the noble promptings of man that adjacent nations so shamefully offend. It is composed at the present day, according to most reliable accounts, of some 21,000 persons; 15,000 settled on the mainland and the other 6,000 on the islands; they have remained settled until their social principles, mode of life, physiognomy, figure, and even their very capability all concur to characterize this nation as being quite different from the others that inhabit this part of the continent. They live united in the villages, the houses of which are spherical in form,<sup>12</sup> covered with rushes, and

<sup>10</sup> These were two young men converts of adult age, both favored in having a clear understanding, and above all so advanced in our language that there could not be any equivocation in interpreting our questions or of their replies. It must also be understood that these interrogations were made with all precaution possible, with gentleness, confidence, leisure and confrontation.

<sup>11</sup> The same expressions are found on the subject in the *Compendium* already cited by Padre Venegas.

<sup>12</sup> This description has been taken from the expedition of Don Miguel Costanzo, whose statements the missionary fathers confirm.

some twenty yards in diameter. Each house contains three or four families. The fire-place is in the center and in the upper part they open a vent so as to give an outlet to the smoke. The character of these people is affable; their figure is good, likewise their countenance; they are fond of painting themselves and use for adornment large tufts of feathers. They go entirely naked, and only in cold weather wear seal-skin capes, or mantles, made of strips of the same skins, which they weave together, twisted in such a way that the fur remains outside, and makes a woof with the web of these threads. The women dress with much modesty, encircling the waist with deer skins, which cover the leg half way, and a little cape of otter skin over the body. They are beautiful in appearance, and very industrious. They weave the baskets and vessels of reeds that they use in eating and drinking and for holding seeds—since the people do not know the use of clay—and give to these handiworks a thousand different graceful forms, according to the use for which they are intended.

"The men make beautiful bowls of wood, firmly inlaid with coral or bone, and some vessels of large capacity contracted at the mouth, which appear as if turned by a lathe, and with a polish so perfect that anyone would say it is the finished handiwork of a skilled artisan. The father president of the missions at Monterey gave us different specimens of these excellent handiworks, which were afterwards sent to the Royal Cabinet. The large vessels which they use for water are made of rushes strongly woven, coated with pitch inside, and of the same shape as our earthen jars. In order to eat the seeds that they use in place of bread, they roast them first in large bowls, placing among the seeds some small stones, or pebbles, heated hot. Immediately they shake the bowl, so as not to burn it, and the seed being roasted they pound it in stone mortars, perfectly made. The patience and skill that they exercise in finishing these articles are certainly worthy of admiration and are so appreciated even among themselves, for when at death they cease such work they are placed on the grave as a monument which will always preserve their industry and skill.

"They bury their dead, their cemeteries being within the village itself, and the funerals of their chiefs are conducted with great pomp; they erect some high poles above their bodies on which articles are hung that they have used. They also put on the same place some large pine boards with different paintings which doubtless serve to illustrate the exploits of that individual.

"Plurality of wives is not permitted, and only the chiefs have the right to live with two. Married persons have separate beds placed on platforms raised from the ground with some mattresses, or simply